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 3. SUPPLY OF WATER TO THE METROPOLIS.
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 10. GERMANY AND REBUT.

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THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. CLXXII, is published THIS DAY.

- Contents.
- I. GIACOMO LEOPARDI AND HIS WRITINGS.
 - II. BANKS' HOUSE OF BRANDENBURG.
 - III. QUEEN'S COLLEGE, LONDON.
 - IV. GREEK HISTORY OF GREECE.
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REVIEWS

Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Constitution and Government of the British Museum; with Minutes of Evidence. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty. Printed for Her Majesty's Stationery Office.

As our readers already know, this long missing Report, which has been the subject of so much anxious inquiry and so many sinister rumours, has at length been distributed to the Members of the two Houses of Parliament, and lies in official Blue upon our table. It is a document remarkable at once for the mass of curious information which it has collected, and as an unparalleled specimen of Parliamentary logic. For the want of harmony between premises and conclusion, as a rare instance of the *non sequitur*, for verdicts given directly in the teeth of the evidence on which they profess to be founded,—it may challenge comparison with any record of a deliberative body that has recently been communicated to the public. Considering the important interests which are now postponed, the practical knowledge and earnestness with which they have been urged, and the objectionable manner in which the evidence is asserted (and not denied) to have been taken,—many others will find language far more severe than ours necessary to the due characterization of certain parts of this Report. For us, we will confine ourselves to a dispassionate survey of the various topics which it discusses; and we must say, *in limine*, that we find perfectly intelligible the modest self-consciousness which kept a document like this from courting publicity,—made it forbear from rushing before the lieges so long as their impatience for a glimpse of its charms would permit. The compilers of this Blue-book had too many reasons for withdrawing as long as possible from criticism.

Before entering on the consideration of the Report, one inquiry suggests itself. A slip pasted over the title-page states that an Index is in course of being prepared, and will shortly be delivered;—but nothing whatever is said on the subject of the Appendix. Throughout the Evidence we are perpetually referred for illustration to this Appendix,—and it forms an important part of the case on which the Commissioners had to adjudicate; yet it does not accompany the copy now before ourselves,—nor can we hear of it in any quarter in which we have made inquiry. Can this be the document of which it has been said that only forty copies have been printed?

The first part of this Report relates to the Constitution and Government of the Museum generally;—and it is to this portion that our attention will be directed to-day. Here, the labours of the Commission have exposed a case of mismanagement, which, while it sufficiently accounts for all the mischievous jealousies that have long existed among the officers of this institution, leaves it only matter of wonder how they ever contrived to work together at all. When no man knew precisely the limit of his own duties, each was apt to encroach on that of his neighbour. Responsibility was contrived to be so shuffled about as to fall on no one: and the Museum, a great national institution founded and maintained at vast cost, was left practically to work itself. Our readers know that such working leads directly to stagnation; and the imperfect development of much of the immense resources at the command of the Museum has been the result of this want of responsibility and definite action. "It is obvious," say the Com-

missioners, "that if the government of the Museum were once put upon a system which commanded the confidence of the public, and insured the efficiency of the institution, it would be unnecessary to offer any particular suggestions as to the means of rendering this great repository of literature and of objects of natural history and antiquity more available for the encouragement of literature, science, and the arts."—In this part of their inquiry the Commissioners have great and necessary changes to recommend.

It is well known to most of our readers that the foundation of the British Museum dates from the purchase, in 1755, of Sir Hans Sloane's Museum—"to be the commencement of a great national repository." Trustees were appointed for the preservation of the collection thus begun; and the statute authorizing the purchase proceeds to declare—"That the said Museum and Collection of Sir Hans Sloane, and also the Cottonian Library and the Harleian Collection of Manuscripts, and the said General Repository (referring to a repository to be erected as provided in the Act), shall be vested in the said Trustees by this Act appointed, and their successors for ever, upon this trust and confidence, nevertheless, that a free access to the said general repository and to the collections therein contained shall be given to all studious and curious persons at such times, and in such manner, and under such regulations for consulting and inspecting the said collections as by the said Trustees, or the major part of them, in any general meeting assembled, shall be limited for that purpose."

"The Museum thus founded has reached its present state through a very large expenditure of public money. The buildings alone in which this vast collection is deposited have cost, since the year 1823, a sum amounting to nearly 700,000*l*. The sums which have been expended in purchases upon the various collections, either from annual or from special grant, we have been unable to ascertain with similar precision; but the whole expenditure in the maintenance of the Museum and for purchases in the various collections since 1755, independently of the amount expended on the buildings since 1823, considerably exceed the sum of 1,100,000*l*; and of that sum 345,000*l*. at least has gone directly to the purchase of objects now forming part of the collection. The contributions made from the munificence and patriotism of individuals have been of great value. The Secretary estimated those which have been received for the twelve years preceding 1835, including the magnificent library collected by His Majesty George III. and presented by His Majesty George IV., and the bequest by the late Richard Payne Knight, Esq., of medals, coins, and bronzes, at a sum little short of 400,000*l*; and Mr. Grenville's late gift of a library which cost upwards of 50,000*l*., shows the extent of increase that may be looked for from similar sources. There has thus been accumulated a collection unrivalled, it is believed, in variety, extent, and value; and it is a collection which, in order to retain its value and its fitness for public utility, must continue to receive large annual additions."

The "care and custody" of the Museum were by the statute chiefly committed to the Principal Librarian; and he was directed to be appointed from time to time, "by His Majesty selecting one out of two persons recommended to His Majesty as fit to execute the office by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor and the Speaker of the House of Commons"—who have been generally termed the Principal Trustees. These three were further empowered to appoint the rest of the officers and servants necessary for the conservation of the said general repository. The present General Board of Trustees is in number forty-eight, of whom one is directly named by the Crown, twenty-three are official, nine are named by the repre-

sentatives or executors of parties who have been donors to the institution, and fifteen are elected. Under the Trustees, the care of the Museum devolved formerly on the Principal Librarian, with powers not very well defined, but many of which the Commissioners consider to have been transferred to the Secretary. The different departments of the Museum—seven in number, viz., Manuscripts, Printed Books, Antiquities, Prints and Drawings, and three departments,—Mineralogy, Zoology and Botany—forming the division of Natural History, have, however, each their separate keeper. The government of the Museum, including the superintendence of all the departments and the execution of all matters not immediately conducted by the heads of departments, is vested in the General Board of Trustees.

"While nothing can be more clear, than that the statute conferred upon the Trustees the most general powers of inquisition, superintendence and control, it may well be doubted, how far it was intended that they should assume in all points the practical management, which would rather appear to have been left to the Principal Librarian, and to the officers by whom he was assisted. The practical management, however, of the Museum has, so far as we see, remained immediately with the Trustees, and been conducted by Committees of their body, and more especially of later years, and since the Secretary became an officer of so much importance."

The present constitution of the General Board of Trustees is as follows:—The Royal Trustee is the Duke of Cambridge. The Official Trustees are—the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, the Speaker of the House of Commons, Principal Trustees;—the President of the Council, the First Lord of the Treasury, the Lord Privy Seal, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Lord Steward, the Lord Chamberlain, the Colonial Secretary of State, the Foreign Secretary of State, the Home Secretary of State, the Bishop of London, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, the Master of the Rolls, the Attorney-General, the Solicitor-General, the President of the Royal Society, the President of the College of Physicians, the President of the Society of Antiquaries, the President of the Royal Academy. The Family Trustees are, the Earl of Cadogan, Lord Stanley,—Sloane family; George Booth Tyndale, Esq., Rev. Francis Annesley,—Cotton family; Lord H. W. Bentinck, the Earl of Cadow,—Harleian family; Charles Townley, Esq.,—Townley family; the Earl of Elgin,—Elgin family; John Knight, Esq.,—Knight family. The Elected Trustees are—the Earl of Aberdeen, the Earl of Derby, the Duke of Rutland, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Hamilton, Sir Robert H. Inglis, Henry Hallam, Esq., William R. Hamilton, Esq., the Duke of Sutherland, the Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay, William Buckland, D.D. Dean of Westminster, the Right Hon. H. Goulburn, the Right Hon. Sir David Dundas, the Marquis of Northampton.

It is obvious that such a governing body as this is the next thing to having no governing body at all. Composed of individuals who with reference to their rank, intelligence and ability, are unexceptionable, those of them whose services might be the most valuable in the management of an institution like the British Museum are precisely those whose services are known to be bespoken, and who can give nothing more to the Museum than the decoration of a name. Mere ornamental directors are the taint of too many of our great public institutions. The love of tinsel is deeply rooted in the Norman part of our nature. It is a sort of axiom with modern Englishmen that

none of our great establishments is safe in its constitution without a Lord. What has been the consequence in the instance before us?—

"The inconvenience likely to result from the affairs of the Museum being devolved upon so large a Board, appears to have been felt at a very early period. In 1755 the Trustees, by minutes of general meetings held in April and May of that year, appointed certain of their number to form a standing committee of the corporation, to take into consideration any matters relating to its business and affairs, and from time to time to make reports to a general meeting. This standing committee is acknowledged in all the statutes and rules of the Museum from 1755 downwards. It is referred to as in existence in the statutes of 1757, which specially provide that the standing committee shall always subsist for the better enforcing and carrying into execution the orders and rules which shall from time to time be made by the general meetings, and also for the more easy management of all the affairs relating to the Museum. Special duties are assigned to the standing committee by these statutes, and again by the statutes of 1805 and 1814. The statutes of 1833 specially provide that the ordinary business of the Museum shall be managed by a standing committee, consisting of fifteen Trustees, to be appointed at a general meeting, and of such other Trustees as may from time to time signify to the secretary their willingness to attend; and in the last Code of Statutes and Rules, that published in 1839, the ordinary business of the Museum is again referred to a standing committee of fifteen members, under detailed instructions. The committee, throughout, is made what is called an open committee—that is to say, it is to consist of fifteen members specially appointed, and of such other members as may express their willingness to attend."

This delegation to a body of fifteen would have necessarily imposed on the Trustees who accepted the appointment "an individual responsibility too direct and immediate to leave the discharge of their duties at all doubtful." Yet, notwithstanding these repeated directions,—with the exception of the standing committee appointed in 1755, there never has been a standing committee appointed by the Trustees. Standing committees have been from time to time spoken of,—but they consisted merely of those whom the Secretary chose to summon as expressing an interest in the affairs of the Museum or as being likely to attend. The same has occurred with respect to certain subordinate committees which the statutes of the Trustees direct to be appointed, and to which important duties are assigned. These are, Committees for the departments of Printed Books and Manuscripts, of Natural History, and of Antiquities and Prints. It does not appear that these committees have ever discharged the functions assigned to them. The Secretary states that he could not tell from the minutes who were the members of those sub-committees. Thus, the actual management of the Museum devolves on a fluctuating board, having no special charge nor direct personal responsibility. The arrangement of business depends entirely on the Secretary.

"The Trustees whom he summons receive notice of the day of the meeting, but no notice of the business to be brought under consideration. The only announcement of the business consists in *agenda* prepared by the secretary the day before, or upon the morning of the meeting, and laid upon the table when the Trustees assemble. With the exception of the Trustees who may have accidentally attended a former meeting at which business may have been adjourned, all the others are without the means of information as to the nature of the business to be brought forward, receiving no statement of it in their summons to attend, nor by notice placed in the Board-room before the day of the meeting. Even where notices are called for special business it does not seem usual to communicate in the summons the question which is to be considered, but the Trustees are left uninformed till they give their attendance.

"* The mode in which the business is brought before the Trustees seems in itself as objectionable as the want of notice. It is done almost invariably by means of written reports. Not to mention the reports of the assistants and subordinate officers, the heads of departments communicate with the Board by written reports. These reports are transmitted to the Trustees by the principal librarian, who accompanies them with another report, in which he states such observations as occur to him. Neither the principal librarian nor the heads of departments are, except in extraordinary cases, admitted to the Board-room when the business of their department is under consideration. The reports themselves, from the great increase of the establishment, have become so voluminous, that they cannot be read entirely at the meeting of the Trustees. The Board must either rely upon the report of the principal librarian, or upon the secretary, who selects such passages of all the reports as in his opinion require the consideration and decision of the Trustees. The answer of the Trustees, in the regular course of transacting business, is in the form of a resolution communicated by the secretary to the principal librarian, and by him transmitted to the heads of departments. Even this course is not always followed, for the secretary sometimes communicates with the departments directly; and Sir H. Ellis states, that, on several occasions, communications have passed between the Board of Trustees of which he has been ignorant till the business was transacted. The secretary attends all the meetings, and the officers of the establishment, generally, are perfectly aware of the extent of his influence and control over the business, while he has no direct responsibility for the conduct or actual state of any department."

There is scarcely one of the highest officers of the institution who has not complained of systematic exclusion from the Board when the affairs of his department are under consideration, as equally disparaging to himself and injurious to the interests of the department. "Their own absence joined to that of the Principal Librarian, leaves them under the painful, but natural, impression that the interests with which they are charged have not been fully represented."

After these details of mismanagement, the Report proceeds to examine into the history of the office of Secretary.—

"Sir H. Ellis states, that originally the principal librarian acted as secretary—that afterwards, and as early as 1768, the duties were discharged alternately by the three heads of departments—that in 1805, Dr. Gray, the head of a department, was made permanent secretary—and that in 1806 or 1807, the Trustees resolved to have a secretary, not an officer of the house, and appointed Mr. Bray, a solicitor; and as it had been found inconvenient that the secretary should live out of the house, Mr. Ellis, now Sir Henry, upon Mr. Bray's decease, being then an under librarian, was appointed secretary, with a provision that he should discharge the duties of principal librarian in the absence of that officer. He held the office of secretary till 1827, when he was appointed principal librarian, and during that period, the duty of the secretary was to attend all meetings of the Trustees, to make minutes of their proceedings, and to announce vacancies to the principal Trustees. Upon Sir H. Ellis's promotion, Mr. Forshall, who was then appointed keeper of the MSS., was also made secretary. Subsequent to 1837, and especially in 1839, a great change was made in the office—additional duties were thrown upon it, many of which, in the opinion of your Commissioners, properly belonged to, and might have been better discharged by, the principal librarian. The salary which, prior to 1827, had been only 60*l.* a-year, was successively increased till it is now 700*l.* a-year. The staff of the office received successive augmentations—the secretary had a house within the walls of the Museum—and from being, as Sir H. Ellis describes, in the situation of a head clerk, he became subordinate in name, indeed, but not in importance or influence, to the principal librarian; and from his control of the business, constant intercourse with the Trustees, and attendance at all their meetings, he has risen to be the

most important officer in the establishment, though without that responsibility which attached to the principal librarian and to the heads of departments. The influence possessed by this officer in the affairs of the Museum, has followed the usual course when the secretary is permanent, and where the administrative Board is fluctuating, and must depend mainly upon the secretary for the information required in the despatch of ordinary business."

In connexion with this office, the Commissioners proceed to inquire into other irregularities—which have crept into the important matter of patronage in the British Museum.—

"The principal librarian, under the statutes regulating the Museum, is appointed by the Crown. All the other officers of the Museum are appointed by His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord High Chancellor, and the Speaker of the House of Commons, who on that account are termed the three principal Trustees. All appointments having a permanent character, with the exception of the most subordinate employments, ought to be made in writing; and at all events, by the principal Trustees or majority. What has been the practice of late years? The secretary intimated to each of the principal Trustees the vacancies as they occurred in the offices of heads of departments and assistants, and those appointments seem to have been regularly made in writing, signed generally by all the principal Trustees. With respect to the other appointments, the business appears of late years to have taken a somewhat extraordinary course. The secretary communicated only with the Archbishop of Canterbury. He never communicated vacancies to any other of the principal Trustees. The Archbishop of Canterbury alone received the applications for appointments, and the certificates and testimonials of the candidates. The concurrence of the other principal Trustees appears to have been obtained in general upon the authority of the Archbishop's signature, and without further consideration. But this was not all; for in the case of appointments called supernumerary and temporary, though involving employment for several years, and in the case of promotion from one class to another and more highly paid class, it does not appear that any of the principal Trustees, except the Archbishop, were consulted. Such appointments, moreover, in a great many cases rested not on any written sanction of the Archbishop; for Mr. Forshall mentions, that on such occasions he was authorized by the Archbishop to state to the Trustees, that the other principal Trustees left the matter to His Grace, and that His Grace had made the appointment verbally in favour of a certain person. Upon the verbal nomination so reported, the appointment and employment in such instances proceeded. The irregularity had become so much matter of routine, that it had escaped observation till recently; when in consequence of certain returns presented to Parliament, it appeared that gentlemen had been for years in the employment of the Museum whose appointments had never been sanctioned by the principal Trustees; and upon appointments, to the number of nineteen, having been presented for signature to the present Lord Chancellor and to the Speaker, those Trustees withheld their signature to the appointments till they should receive satisfactory explanation of the circumstance, that officers had been nominated to and employed in the service of the Museum, years before the appointment was intimated to the principal Trustees, or presented for their subscription."

We come now to the changes which the Commissioners propose to introduce into the constitution and government of the Museum, with the view of remedying the abuses and inconveniences complained of:—and it will be seen that they have been careful to leave the ancient pillars standing. There is something even ingenious in the extreme simplicity of the means by which they propose to effect the cure of such a mass of disease as they have discovered in it. The constitution they leave nearly untouched,—merely introducing the principle of responsibility amongst the practically-directing body. They do not propose any change in the Board of Trustees; but are

unanimously of opinion—and have marked their unanimity by italics—that a change should be adopted involving the abolition of the offices of Principal Librarian and of Secretary as they now exist, and the establishment of a responsible Executive Council. To this end they have two alternative schemes. The majority of the Commissioners approve of a Council to consist of a Chairman appointed by the Crown,—who, if not already a Trustee, should become one by virtue of his office,—of four members to be chosen by the Trustees from among their own body,—and of two other members to be appointed by the Crown, one distinguished for attainments in literature, the other for attainments in natural history. The former of these to be considered as having a more immediate and special supervision of those departments of the Museum connected with literature, namely, the Library, the prints, antiquities, and medals; and the latter of those departments which are devoted almost exclusively to natural history. It is proposed that the Chairman should hold office, not for life or during pleasure,—but for a definite term, such as five years—being re-eligible. The two ordinary members chosen by the Crown the Commissioners are of opinion should be paid,—but on the question of salary to the Chairman they are not agreed. It is worth while, however, to let our readers know the sort of phoenix which they are looking to get as Chairman.—

"We think he ought to be a person of such position in society and influence as may be naturally looked for in any one holding so important an office. He should be deeply impressed with the great importance of Literature and Science, and of the benefits which both may derive from the resources of the Museum; and to those qualities there should be conjoined, and in an eminent degree, knowledge of the world, and practised habits of business, which would insure attention to the daily administration of the Museum, and enable him to direct and encourage the officers in all the departments and keep each within his proper province, actively engaged in the performance of their duties."

"We have no doubt," say the Commissioners, "that the service of a person of great attainments and commanding abilities might be obtained to discharge these important functions as the head of the Executive Council:—"—and "several are of opinion that the attractions of such a position would, in themselves, secure its acceptance by a person having all those qualifications to which we have alluded, while the responsibility necessarily attached to an appointment so distinguished, would render certain that constant and anxious attendance which we deem indispensable in whatever manner attained."

Others, who are of opinion that the appointment of these officers by the Crown would merely be to reinstate, though under another name, the Principal Librarian in the department of Literature, and to create a similar officer in the department of Natural History—and that such a course would fail to remove some of the difficulties that exist under the present arrangements,—propose appointing, with or without salary, a chairman of the qualifications already mentioned, and giving him the assistance only of four unpaid members chosen by the Trustees from among their own number. "Such an Executive Council, it is thought, would possess even in a higher degree the great advantage of responsibility which is the consequence of intrusting the whole business to a small number of members."—The Executive Council, in either case, would be invested with the power of appointing to the various offices of the Museum; and additional security for the satisfactory execution of such a trust is proposed to be taken by subjecting all such ap-

pointments to the approbation of Her Majesty's Secretary of State.

The Commissioners then proceed to inquire into that department of the Museum which has more particularly and anxiously engaged the public attention—the Printed Books:—an inquiry into which we shall have to follow them on a future occasion.

Arthur Montague; or, an Only Son at Sea.
By a Flag Officer. 3 vols. Saunders & Osley.

WHEN we consider the variety of admirable novels "price half-a-crown" or "price one shilling" which are now to be found on every counter and at every railway station, how can we fail to wonder at astounding productions like this bidding us "stand and deliver" our thirty shillings?—Every woman, we have heard it maintained, be she ever so uncomely, ever so cross-grained, has had her suitor,—"every Jack his Jill"—and so, possibly, every book may have its buyer. Yet there must be exceptions to prove the rule,—and surely 'Arthur Montague' is laid out to be one of the number. The story vibrates between puerile farce and sentiment of an aroma not to be described save by its own breathings. It is from time to time advisable to exhibit specimens of the food, of whatever kind, of which Her Majesty's literary lieges are requested to partake;—and with this excuse we set before the reader the following extract, describing what happened to a lover after a long severance from "the lady of his love."

"The frontier of Lombardy is crossed—Switzerland entered, and only twelve leagues remain to be traversed. At length, Lucerne breaks on the view: Frederick Gascoigne quivers, the courier smiles, the horses, sensible of the near termination of their labours, exert their remaining strength, and presently the journey's ended. A change of costume is quickly effected—refreshment ordered, but left almost untouched—and, with a throbbing breast, he steps into the vehicle that is to whirl him to the residence of the fugitives. A few minutes more, and his foot passes over the threshold of the domicile that contains his all in all: the valet at the doorway, in broken English, demands his card—he's told the name's superfluous, his intimacy needs no such introduction, and he's merely to announce that a most particular friend's the visitor. In obedience to this behest, the usher, after conducting him to a spacious saloon, repairs to the sitting-room of his mistress to make the desired announcement. Meanwhile, an agitating tremor pervades the whole frame of the nervous lover. Pit-pat sounds of steps descending the staircase catch his ear; he springs to his feet, that well nigh refuse to support him, and, with expanded arms, advances to the door—it opens with a jerk, and in rushes the being, who — exclaims—'Oh, Charles!' and at the same instant stops short with a check, throws back her body, and — sees a stranger! His arms fall, his face whitens, his limbs shake, and he's transfixed with wonder. In a few moments a grave looking matron enters on the scene, and is likewise mute with astonishment. The mistake is obvious—the visitor in error, (too handsome to be dismissed without an explanation), is urged to be seated, and reluctantly yields to renewed requests, and then briefly states what brought him to their presence. His tale moves one, and disappoints the other, who, as she had viewed with eyes glistening with keen animation one apparently formed to kindle love in others, and own its influence himself, had felt a palpitation, and conceived an idea of penetrating his sensitive region. Could she but have known the painfulness of its convulsing throes at that moment, she would have seen how completely it was occupied by the image of, another—a confession his livid lips afterwards disclosed."

It would be hardly possible to make any person believe that the pen which committed the above magnificence is capable of touches of dry humour. Yet one or two of the latter are to be found in the court-martial held on the

gunner, Range, on board H.M. ship *Felicity*. As for "the only Son at Sea" himself,—with his father, Boeotian even past the historical stupidity of those "whose talk is of bullocks,"—his mother, whose cultivation does not rise to the average of the still-room,—and his reverend family friend, who, in the eighth chapter of the first volume, preaches a sermon of advice to the sailor in embryo, which is "as amusing as a Persian tale" (to quote Johnson on Goldsmith),—we give him up. There is nothing to be made of such a being, of his antecedents, or of his kith and kin. They are more unreal than if they belonged to the planet Saturn. The wonder is, as we have said, that books of this quality should find their way into print by any magic.

The Pillars of Hercules; or, A Narrative of Travels in Spain and Morocco in 1848. By David Urquhart, Esq. M.P. 2 vols. Bentley.

THE title-page of this book will inform most persons how it is to be read. To take it up as we should an ordinary volume is, of course, out of the question. Without assuming to fix the value of Mr. Urquhart's views, discoveries and prophecies—we must take as we find it one indisputable matter of fact concerning him and them,—viz. that a peculiar quality of vision distinguishes his observations from those of other men. He sees what is altogether dark to them; and what they see strikes him as something quite different from their impressions of it. This singularity he has taken care to make well known by what he has been writing and speaking in public for many years past.

The philosopher Dalton, it is said, was affected with a mode of vision not altogether unlike Mr. Urquhart's, in regard to certain colours. To his eye what the world said was scarlet appeared the soberest shade of drab. He did not, however, persist in clothing himself according to this exceptional view of tints, after he had once ascertained how far his impressions differed from those of other men,—but quietly admitted the fact, and followed the decision of the majority in choosing his cloth. Here the resemblance ceases between the Quaker philosopher and Mr. Urquhart. He concludes that where the many see differently from himself the error lies in their faulty vision:—and is apt to be very severe on the defect thus assumed. When, therefore, he once comes forward to report or speculate on what he has again seen, we cannot forget either the peculiar nature of his views in general or the persuasion of infallibility that accompanies them in particular. It is clear that a product of these combined influences cannot be rightly measured by any of the usual standards.

In such a case, the necessity of using common forms of speech must of itself be a disadvantage to a writer of this independent turn of mind. The language framed on a certain scheme of perceptions and mental processes can but ill convey ideas resulting from a constitution of mind altogether different: but what allowance must be made for this circumstance it is not easy for bystanders to ascertain,—since they have no scale by which to measure what is qualified by special conditions in a single individual. Such has been the impression produced by all Mr. Urquhart's previous performances:—it has recurred to us at every second page of the volumes now before us.

Of the "grim feature" of Russian ambition and intrigue there are but a few mysterious glimpses in 'The Pillars of Hercules.' Their ruling inscription is, the eternal steadfastness and intrinsic superiority of the Oriental scheme of life as contrasted with the culture of modern Europe. The alleged failure of the latter to realize the best objects of existence is decried in a tone of contempt that leaves Mr. Disraeli's

flights in the same direction far in the distance; and his studies on the "mystery of the East" grow pale before the show of zeal, ingenuity, and really curious learning which Mr. Urquhart devotes to its illustration. The life of the desert and the tent,—the value of tradition and primitive habits in place of artificial laws—the "wild justice" of self-help,—the hospitable virtues and the strong passions of a "patriarchal" state of being,—are admired for their picturesque beauty, revered for their ancient date, praised for their defiance of change or improvement, and, in short, held up in perpetual contrast to the shallow, comfortless, unnatural and unstable aggregate of things represented as forming the civilization of the North. It follows, of course, that in adopting the latter, we of modern Europe have declined in the essentials of well-being from the primitive excellence of the early Oriental world as shown in its manners, opinions, clothing, and food, in methods of government and policy, and in the social and family relations: all of which Mr. Urquhart delights to find still preserved in high perfection among the Berbers of Morocco, and some of them not altogether invisible here and there in the heart of southern Spain,—where, according to his view, they form the whole strength of that kingdom at present and its only hope for the future. Of the share that climate and site may have had, or should have, in modifying the usages of nations, not a hint appears throughout the whole of this excursion. The comparison which we have described is drawn as if there were absolutely nothing but false theory and corrupt institutions to explain the difference in the history and manners of the races settled on the Rhine and the Thames from those of the roving Libyan tribes or of the founders of Tyre and Carthage.

The range of Mr. Urquhart's wanderings around the Pillars of Hercules extends from Gibraltar to a small part of the opposite shore of Morocco; from whence he returns to Spain. Here, after a few chapters on Cadiz and Seville, the work abruptly leaves him amidst a digression on Gothic—we beg his pardon—it is *Saracenic* architecture. This narrow canvas is crowded with a variety of materials—antiquarian, philological, and ethnographic—enlivened by frequent episodes on costume, cookery, the dance, the bath, &c.: for all which high political or moral importance is claimed by the author, with an earnestness that seems to be quite unaffected,—while he sets forth their derivations and details with an array of learning, ancient and modern, and a solemnity of manner, that give a certain air of dignity to essays on muffins and butter, recipes for making *kuskoussou*, and illustrations of the Phœnician origin of clotted cream.

The book, we say, is full of multifarious learning; the extent of which, however, may be more readily affirmed than its accurate use, especially in the deduction of etymologies,—a process in which Mr. Urquhart is very copious, and surprising in his discoveries. To this we shall only add, that there is no pretence of order in the plan or details of his work. Its digressions and changes of subject are as sudden as the tricks in a pantomime; and parts of it are written in a dithyrambic style which must be an effectual warning against the approach of frigid common sense. The extracts that we can make will afford but a partial idea of the strange mosaic of materials used in the construction of these "Hercules' pillars."

We begin with some etymologies. This, of the Spanish name for cards, is ingenious, and may be sound.—

"I was surprised to see the figures such as those used by the Greeks; to hear the suits designated as by them, and not according to the names used in

Europe: but this is not all. The Spaniards are not content with the name which all other countries know them by—*card*, *carte*, *carta*, *spielkarten*, will not do for them—they call them *naipes*. A learned French abbé (Boulet) in his '*Recherches sur l'Origine des Cartes à jouer*,' makes them a French invention posterior to the use of paper, as proved by their being called *cartes*! introduced into Spain through the Basque provinces, where they took the name of *naipes*, from the Basque word *napa*, which signifies smooth! May not this, like so many other European inventions, turn out to be a mere copy, and Spain the transmitter to Europe rather than the debtor of Europe? If we go back to the once-famed game of Ombre, we shall find the terms of the game all Spanish, such as *spadillo*, *matador*, &c. If we go to Hindostan, we find the manner of playing to correspond with the game of ombre. Here is the link established between the Hindoos and Modern Europe through the Spaniards—that is, the Arabs. This latter point the name *naipe* confirms.—Naib or Nawab, whence Nabob, being the equivalent to king. 'The Four Kings' was the original name of cards in Europe. An old writer quoted in Bursi's '*Storia della città di Viterbo*,' has these words, 'Cards were introduced into Viterbo in 1379, from the country of the Saracens, where they are called *Naib*. In Italy, they were formerly known by the name *Naibi*. The two old Spanish lexicographers, Tamarid and Broceuse, derive the word from the Arabs. Alderete gives the fantastic origin of the initials N. and P. of the supposed inventor, Nicholas Pepin, which the moderns have followed. Islamism has driven cards out of use among the Arabs, and has thus left us to dispute about the origin of the name.'

Of the derivation assigned to those names of lace known to fair readers as *guipure* and *dentelle*, we shall merely say that no jest whatever is meant by the author in proposing the following.—

"The veil and fan, the chief adornment of the female costume, are from Spain; so, also, is that richest and most distinguishing of its materials, *lace*. Barbara of Brabant has received the credit of the discovery; but her share can extend no further than to the mode of working in flax. The texture in silk and cotton must have been carried thither by the Spaniards. In the beginning of the fifteenth century, the word *blonda* is found in a Castilian law; it is referred to as a manufacture in general use, and consequently long established. It was not known in Europe for at least a century later. Lace is to be seen in every hut on every domestic article:—pillowcase, napkins, sheets—it is a national type, and must be of ancient date; in all likelihood, from that common source of Spanish things, Judea. In this conclusion, I was confirmed by finding in Barbary the term *Guipoör*. It is used by the Jews for the festival of Atonement, when they wear white mantles in the synagogue, with the fringes in open embroidery. The name of the country was given to the texture. The texture, then, comes from the Jews. The word *dentelle* is explained as meaning the teethlike points of the serrated border lace, as distinguished from the *Guipoör*, Mechlin, Brussels, and English point, &c. But there was an ancient festival in Spain on the occasion of the child cutting its teeth, which was known to the Christians under the name of *Dentilia*. Such would be a fitting time for the display of this finery. Whoever has seen the festival of *Corpus Christi* in Spain or Portugal will understand how natural it was to give the name; for on it all the processions, or at least all the public functionaries, to this day, wear scarfs of lace over their uniforms."

A leash of conjectures, more original even than the above, will complete our view of Mr. Urquhart's enterprise in tracing verbal pedigrees. The preface, too, is characteristic.—

"A distinction between the use of butter and oil for simmering muffins and crumpets in Morocco, furnishes a link between those eaten in the Temple of Solomon and those sold in the streets of London, and thereby supplies evidence to fix the Cassiterides, while, incidentally, it disposes of a great historical and ethnographic question, the wanderings of the Celts. An admirable product has been used for thousands of years in this region, and no Jason has

come to carry it away. Yet Julius Cæsar and Count Julian, Sertorius, and Belisarius, Charles V., with many other shrewd persons, have tasted Moorish butter. The Andalusians are delighted to get a little pot of it, but as to learning how to make it, that never entered into their philosophy. So your, made in every tent or hut, from the Yellow Sea to the Adriatic, is unknown in Europe. A magic line defines the domain of chops, of boiled potatoes, of chocolate, of coffee. One race can boil, another cannot; and each is utterly incapable of comprehending the faculty conferred on the other. There is a land congenial to pilaff, another to *kuskoussou*, another to mutton-broth. Devonshire cream, polecuta, poi curry, have, like an insect on a moss, their zone. You may transplant trees, and transfer royal houses, carry forth religions, and distribute all around slips of constitutions—but a dish!—no!—as there is more in a costume than covering the back, so is there more in a dish than filling the belly. There yet remains one term unexamined. Whence comes *dairy*? There is no such word on the Continent; it is neither Latin nor Teutonic. It has no Celtic root. I have been describing the dour, which is indeed a camp; but the features which forced themselves upon my attention belonged to the sheep-fold. The people are shepherds. In every tent the chief utensils are the milk-pails, lantern churns, and butter-pots; the chief produce and food, milk and butter. Why is the Arab camp a circle? It is to fold the cattle. Thence the name, *douar* and *deira*. The exploits of Abd-el-Kadir and his *Deira* have made the word familiar to us in Europe. It is the very word we apply to the fold's produce. From the same root is *gadeira*, *gadir*, an enclosure—the name of Cadiz, the only city upon earth in which the cow or ewe is not to be found, nor any animal, whatever, giving milk! How, it may be asked, could the word come to us? *Tally ho!* is in English an unmeaning word. The rallying cry of the Arab in war is *Talla hu!* *Tally ho!* was doubtless brought by the Crusaders. Dairy may have been learnt then, or many a century before. The pursuit of a word is like 'hunt the slipper.' It is here, it is there. There would be no game unless it were slipped under. There was *Babia*, the goddess of infants, in Phœnicia; there are *babies* in England. No doubt it is the same slipper, though we cannot tell under what petticoat it has slipped."

The moral of Spanish politeness is stated in the author's usual mode of generalizing from minor details. "*A people's history*," he observes elsewhere, "*is written in a salutation*."

"The mere habit of politeness is a possession greater than all a people has besides, and for the want of which there is no compensation; and that tone of voice, and those forms of address which in individuals are the sign of proper bringing up, are to a nation the source and stay of their good order and well-being. In Spain the term 'politico' is still synonymous with polite. They have dignity, which we take for pride, and none of our so-called ease, which to them is vulgarity. Therefore did they beat France when all Europe was at her feet, and therefore will Spain live on when we shall have passed away—unless, indeed, we live long enough to teach them our civility. * * Spain has been called 'fragment of Africa'; the Spaniards have been called 'the Arabs of Europe.' They have proved alike inscrutable and indomitable to all who have attempted to study or subdue them; and so completely has that peninsula swayed in the events of our world, that you may calculate the ascent or the decline of great enterprises according to the estimation of her by its conductors. Marius, Pompey, Napoleon, failed through their misjudgment of Spain: by apprehending her, Cæsar won the diadem, Scipio saved his country, and Wellesley Europe."

It is only fair to annex to the preceding, Mr. Urquhart's own profession of humility in regard to this inscrutable race:—

"An English resident at Gibraltar told me that, by following a certain rule, he found travelling in Spain very agreeable, and recommended it to my adoption. He said, 'I always address a Spanish peasant as if he were my equal.' 'I do not require,' I replied, 'your rule, for I feel myself honoured

whenever a Spanish peasant condescends to speak to me."

But we must hasten to Morocco. Here, Mr. Urquhart drops hints of some political mystery that invited him thither; but instead of welcome, a very different kind of reception seems to have met him on landing in the country. Here he describes himself as watched in his excursions like a prisoner on parole, and admitted to the desired freedom of movement and observation only near the close of his stay,—when at length, by some energetic proceedings, he had, as he expressly says, "succeeded in establishing himself as entitled to the privileges of a saint or madman."

The interior of a Moorish house at Rabat exhibits a new phase of domestic habits in the East.—

"The domestic arrangements differ here from other Mussulman countries. The house is not divided into *Harem* and *Salambu*. In fact, there is no harem, for there are neither its rights nor privileges: the separation of the women, which in Arabia could not be extended to the habitation, adapted itself to the gynæceum of the houses among the Greeks, and the Zanana of the followers of Zoroaster. In Morocco, there having been no such anterior practice, the injunction has had no effect on those who live under the tent, and has converted the domiciles of the inhabitants of the cities into inhospitable abodes. I went to-day to Mike Brettel's, on invitation, expressly for the purpose of seeing his house, which is just finished. I can see nothing more remarkable at Fer or Morocco, so I shall endeavour to describe it. We approached by a narrow lane of blind walls about twelve feet high. The door was in the corner, the arch above it, and the lintels were painted in broad bars, and stripes of deep colours, like an Egyptian tomb: there was a knocker—nay, two; one for the folding doors and another for the wicket: the upper one might have been made in London. We knocked: the knock is neither a single tap nor a postman's double rap, but a double knock, though neither quite so loud or long as those with which the squares of London were wont to resound. The door not being immediately opened, we heard within a bell rung sharply, (in Eastern countries the bell is unknown,) and the door was opened by a young girl, a slave, small, yet apparently full grown. She wore a tunic of blue and white, striped, which left her neck, arms, and half her legs bare. Her colour was chocolate, her features perfect, her form a model. Her sparkling eyes and white teeth announced that the visit was expected; and, waving her hands as a signal to follow, she tripped up a narrow staircase by the door. The steps and passages were inlaid with hexagonal red tiles and small triangles of green tiles: there was no flooring about the house richer than this, which is very modest: the houses and courtyard of the Jews are in mosaic. At the top of the stairs we found ourselves in a small vestibule, the light let in from above, through the ornamented portions of the ceiling. Everything was in proportion: all palace-like, but microscopic:—I might have taken it for the abode of the pigmies of Herodotus, had my guide not rather suggested fairies or sylphs. The vestibule led to an apartment, where the master of the house was seated in the middle of the floor, with a tea-tray before him. Seeing me busied in taking off my shoes, he came forward, entreating me to enter with them on; for it is common to imagine that Europeans make it a point of honour to disregard the feelings of their Eastern hosts, and to soil their carpets. This room was the gem of the house; but it was some time before I could venture to examine it, being abashed by the officious zeal of the Jews who accompanied me, and who began at once to point out this and that, as if we had entered a shop. —I mean an European one; for in an Oriental shop the decencies are not neglected. * * The room was a cube of fifteen feet: there was one small window, a simple aperture in the white wall in the form of a niche struck through the thickness of the wall, levelled inside. This feature took the apartment out of the common-place. On the floor was spread one of their beautiful mats; on the three sides were mattresses covered with Turkey carpets, and cushions at

each end, resembling a low Turkish divan. The walls were dead white, broken by richly-ornamented arm-racks. Three long guns on each, in their red cloth cases, daggers in massive chased silver scabbards, swords and pouches, were suspended by silk cords with large tassels, blue, red and yellow. The crown of the room was the ceiling: an octagon dome was fitted on to the cube by means of arches in the angles, which will be understood by reference to the Hall of the Ambassadors in Owen Jones's 'Alhambra'; but the roof, instead of being in coloured stucco, was in carved and painted wood. There was no gilding or silvering—the effect was worked out entirely from dead colour. I looked at it till my neck was sore and stiff, and I can only describe it by the word arabesque, just as I might say kaleidoscope, and in like manner, interminable: the same elements re-appear in never-ending forms, ever pleasing, ever new, yet always, in so far as description can go, the same. The roof was the statue, the apartment the pedestal: each required the other. The solitary light, the pure white walls, the cubic form, were required to set off the placid beauty of the dome. The window was minute; the door (if one might say so in reference to so small a body) grand. Its horse-shoe arch expanded to the sides and reached the vault, displaying the little vestibule, all variegated in colours, all ornamented in form like the ceiling. It was a thing not to live in, but to gaze at."

They are apt to deal somewhat sharply with unpopular magistrates in Morocco: as will be seen by the following anecdote,—on which Mr. Urquhart comments with his usual respect for the "spirit of the East." Any estimate of the terms of his comparison of Moorish with European excesses is, of course, out of the question.—

"In the time of the late emperor, Muley Mahomet, they killed and quartered their *Caid*, and made the Jew butchers hang up the flesh in the shambles. It was so exposed for three days, ticketed at two blanquillos a pound. Then they came in troops to cheapen it, and haggle with the Jews, who were instructed to maintain the two blanquillos. The Sultan marched against the city, but the people withdrew into the Alcazaba, and presented so imposing a front that he was content with an accommodation. Civilized and philosophical Germany can riddle the body of a minister; but let us not compare such an act with the shambles of Rabat. The one is the frenzy of a people which cannot help itself: the other is vengeance—savage, if you like—but vengeance for crimes, applying a salutary lesson to those who are to follow. Such is the difference between the two conditions of existence. No reactions and no vengeance can profit where social evil springs from theory and legislation. Where the evil is the act of man, vengeance comes, like the storm, to clear the atmosphere, thus compensating for the ruin it has wrought."

A similar tone pervades all Mr. Urquhart's sketches of Eastern costumes and customs:—with one specimen of which our extracts must be concluded. The omission of any reference to *climate* has already been noticed;—at this particular season we fear the shoeless in London or in Glasgow would set up a wail rather different in tone from Mr. Urquhart's lament for the "poor feet" that British notions of comfort "doom to a dark dungeon"—of neat's leather.—

"To put on the haik, it is dropped on the ground; one corner is lifted and brought over the left shoulder, and held upon the breast by the right hand. Then, by stepping backwards, the fold passes behind, and is brought under the right arm round in front. Another step across it, and it is behind again; then taken by both hands outstretched, it is brought over the head, measured so as to be left hanging low enough on both sides for the play of the arms. The end is then thrown over the left shoulder and hangs down the back. There are no ties, no buttons, no separate parts: the drapery is wrapped round with the sole fastening of its own folds. Dispensing with so many adjuncts, it supersedes all intermediaries. It is made under the tent; there is no tailor wanted; no shopman, no dealer, required: this is the link between a national costume and a people's well-

being. The Spaniard's cloak, of which the style consists in the lap thrown over the left shoulder, is a mixture of the haik and the burnoose: to this day the Spaniard looks upon the want of a cloak as the want of decent covering;—to be without a cloak is, as it were, to be naked. Great as is the distance between the attire of Europe and that of the East, not greater is the distance between its magnificence and the dignity of that of Numidia. The excellence of all other costumes resides in their own composition. There is not one which does not strain or coerce the human frame into its own design. The excellence of this is, that it follows nature, neither designing to embellish nor endeavouring to conceal; it reveals, but does not expose; it covers, but does not disguise. The antique is, however, only present where all the subsidiary garments disappear, and the haik remains the sole clothing: there protrudes an arm and part of a leg, or the breast is heaved, or sometimes the whole outline of one side is visible; for the drapery is shifted in all conceivable ways, and according to their occupations; so that there are passing before you, and called up, as you look around, all the celebrated statues or groups of antiquity. * * The exposure of the body to the air does not give the impression of cold in the way that those whose clothing has a similar character or integuments will suppose; whoever has worn the kilt will know this. The fact is, that the air supplies warmth, and when freely circulating round the body, a sort of respiration takes place through the skin, which, while conducive to strength and health, supplies that light and agreeable sensation which belongs to a costume where there is clothing enough to secure warmth and freedom enough to admit air. Of the value of this freedom we have a striking illustration at home, and to which no other country in Europe affords a parallel. The butcher-boys and the Blue-coat school boys go about without that covering to, or protection for, the head, which for all other degrees and in all other countries is deemed essential to health and comfort. Do they suffer from being bare-headed? No. * * Now that we have our portraits taken by the sun's rays, and numberless scientific men are tracing the effects of light on the functions of animals and the growth of plants, separating the parts of rays, and finding in them agencies of so many, so powerful, and such distinct kinds—it may not be absurd to speak of the merit of a costume that admits to the body light as well as air. We are always in the dark. On light and heat a series of experiments have been reported to scientific societies by fifty philosophers; but none of them has ever thought of letting his own toes see the sun. Modern science always overpowers me with melancholy—so much light in the focus, and such darkness in the hemisphere! Contrast the majestic ignorance of primeval times! then, grand with so much ease; now, with so much toiling, men. Those members which have to support the weight of the rest, deserve peculiar care, and might even claim exclusive favour, but they are more wretched than the rest. Our poor feet are doomed to a dark dungeon, from the cradle to the tomb. Never are they suffered to look upon the sun, never allowed for a moment to touch the earth; once a day, perhaps for a few moments, they get a glimpse of the subdued light of a closed chamber, or perceive round corners of a table the artificial glare of a wax taper; that respite over, they are straight again rammed down into their cases. After this, they are vilified; their very name is mentioned with repugnance, and their sight associated with indecency. No revolution is to set them free, no change of fashion to break their chains: hopeless drudgery, unrequited toil, supercilious scorn, are their fate, and the care which is bestowed upon them is to pervert their nature, to disfigure and deform them, and make them even to themselves a shame. The man is no gainer who treats his feet with such injustice; and the costume no slight benefit which prevents him from doing so."

It would be preposterous to discuss these observations;—they speak plainly enough for themselves. In a word, when civilized writers decry a civilization to which alone they owe the means of affecting originality by sneering at it,—whether from the height of the *Contrat social*, or from the lower level of cockney raptures on Kurds and Kabyles,—there is but one

argument—that, namely, *ad hominem*—which common sense will condescend to use. If Barbary life and costume be so much better than ours, why should the British admiral return hither to sit penning paragraphs in a tight-fitting suit, instead of crouching on his hams in a flowing *haik*, in some Moorish *douar*, where, with other excrescences of European culture, books and book-makers are alike unknown? With what grace can anyone expatiate on the moral and mystery of eating *kuskoussou* with the fingers, at tables sophisticated by French dishes, napkins, knives and forks? Why not practise rather than praise the virtue of going barefoot? Either, in short, such diatribes prove too much for the credit of the lecturer,—or his credit must be rescued at the expense of his lectures.

The book has been revised with great carelessness. Of the foreign words and quotations from the ancient languages, with which the pages teem, a full third are, in one way or another, misprinted:—a negligence which the author may justly resent if he have been compelled to leave the revision to other hands,—and for which his readers must complain of him if the work have passed with so many blunders from his own.

Sections of the London Strata; to which is prefixed a Block Plan of the Metropolis and its Suburbs. By Robert W. Mylne, C.E., F.G.S., &c. Wyld.

THIS publication has arisen as the natural consequence of the numerous inquiries now engaging public attention in connexion with the sanitary condition of the metropolis. Hitherto, the conditions of the geological formations included within the chalk basin which is occupied by London and its suburbs have been very imperfectly understood. The consequences of this have been, numerous errors in practice, and many erroneous speculations in plans proposed for draining this densely-populated district and supplying it with water. There has been no difficulty in obtaining all the data required; but, owing to the want of proper habits of observation, this knowledge—now found to be all-important—has been neglected. “An impression prevails,” says Mr. Mylne, “that the metropolis and its environs are situated on an extensive and thick bed of impermeable blue clay; occupying the centre of a chalk basin, and the pervious plastic clay and sand formation (lying between the blue clay and the chalk) is supposed only to outcrop or reach the surface at considerable distances from the metropolis.” This impression is erroneous, as our author implies in this remark; but, the sections which he has delineated do very little towards giving a proper correction to it,—since, out of the five sections published there is but one in which the strata are represented. The section from Hampstead to Camberwell alone supplies this information,—and in this the “London clay” is seen extending from Hampstead Heath to Church-street, Camberwell, in varying thicknesses, above the “plastic clay” formations and chalk. On reference, however, to the sections of strata published by the late Commissioners of Sewers, we find some information on this point; and we certainly cannot agree with Mr. Mylne that “the map alone can be mentioned as having proved of any practical use,” seeing that these vertical sections, although representing “distant points,” exhibit faithfully those conditions of the London basin which, on the showing of our author, have been hitherto so imperfectly understood—and towards the elucidation of which his sections contribute but slightly. An admission is made, that “the details are not so perfect as could be wished,”—and the haste necessary to

meet the demands of “the many sanitary projects under discussion” is the excuse given. These sections, however, afford some valuable information as to the depth at which the chalk is to be met with along their lines. At Hampstead we reach the chalk at 160 feet below the line of Trinity high-water mark; in the New Road it is but 60 feet below the same line; in the Belvidere Road it sinks to 250 feet; in the Blue Anchor Road it is only a little more than 30 feet below the surface; and at the Manor Farm, Lewisham, it rises to 70 feet above the high-water level,—thus exhibiting over the area of the basin a series of very sudden elevations and depressions.

The five lines of section published are, from Hampstead to Camberwell,—from Highgate to Peckham,—from Stoke Newington to Lewisham,—from Chiswick to West Ham,—and from Kensington to Greenwich marshes. We cannot but regret that two scales have been adopted for height and distance:—these being relatively as eighteen is to one. We are aware that engineers, from the facilities afforded by this system of false scales in laying out their plans, usually adopt it; but where any sections are intended to furnish information to the public—as these are—the true scale should be strictly adhered to. Nothing can convey a more incorrect idea to the mind than a section giving horizontally three inches to the mile, and vertically one inch to the hundred feet. This is strikingly shown by the terrible precipice which rises from the Thames to the Strand in the first of these sections. With all these drawbacks, this publication must prove valuable at the present time.

Christmas-Eve and Easter-Day: a Poem. By Robert Browning. Chapman & Hall.

THE book before us is the work of a poet; though if this fact should gain but a limited recognition, the writer will have only himself to blame. If the Muses *will* masquerade and don the trappings of gipsies, they must feel no offence if they should forfeit by the grotesqueness of their seeming the respect that is due to their nature. True, the Nine may have their seasons of frolic and pastime,—nor is their sporting to be censured when occasion befits; but the Temple of Apollo and the hour of sacrifice are not the place nor the period suitable to such recreations. In a word, our complaint against Mr. Browning is—that while dealing with the highest themes of imagination and indicating his competency to treat them, he has recklessly impaired the dignity of his purpose by the vehicle chosen for its development. The form of doggerel—carried to excess by strange and offensive oddities of versification—is not that in which the mysteries of faith, doubt, and eternity can be consistently treated.

Examples of such versification are painfully abundant. Seeking here only to illustrate the rhyming eccentricities of the writer, we quote one or two without reference to their sense or context.—

But the most turned in yet more abruptly
From a certain squalid knot of alleys,
Where the town's bad blood once slept corruptly,
Which now the little chapel rallies,
And leads into day again,—its priestliness
Lending itself to hide their beastliness
So cleverly (thanks in part to the mason),
And putting so cheery a whitewashed face on
Those neophytes too much in lack of it,
That, where you cross the common as I did,
And meet the party thus presided,
“Mount Zion,” with Love-lane at the back of it,—&c.

Another extract will sufficiently test at once our position and the patience of the reader.—

He handled it so, in fine irreverence,
As to hug the Book of books to pieces:
And, a patchwork of chapters and texts in severance,
Not improved by the private dog's-ears and creases,

Having clothed his own soul with, he'd fain see equipt
yours.—
So tossed you again your Holy Scriptures.

'Tis odds but I had borne in quiet
A qualm or two at my spiritual diet;
Or, who can tell? had even mustered
Somewhat to urge in behalf of the sermon:
But the flock came on, divinely flustered,
Sniffing, mought, its dew of Hermon
With such content in every snuffle,
As the devil inside us loves to ruffle.

It is pleasant to leave such exhibitions of bad taste, and follow Mr. Browning when he chooses to be in earnest:—nor can higher praise be awarded to his serious vein than that of saying that it enables us to forget his comic one. We are as glad as he professes to have been to escape from the association of old women with broken umbrellas, boys with soapless faces, and elder devotees with greasy cuffs, (the goodly company at the little chapel in which the poem opens), to the free face of Nature and to a night-picture like the following.—

There was a lull in the rain, a lull
In the wind too; the moon was risen,
And would have shone out pure and full,
But for the ramparted cloud-prison,
Block on block built up in the west,
For what purpose the wind knows best,
Who changes his mind continually,
And the empty other half of the sky
Seemed in its silence as if it knew
What, any moment, might look through
A chance-gap in that fortress mazy:—
Through its fissures you got hints
Of the flying moon, by the shifting tints,
Now, a dull lion-colour, now, brassy
Burning to yellow, and whitest yellow,
Like furnace-smoke just ere the flames bellow,
All a-simmer with intense strain
To let her through,—then blank again,
At the hope of her appearance failing

For lo, what think you? suddenly
The rain and the wind ceased, and the sky
Received at once the full fruition
Of the moon's consummate apparition.
The black cloud-barricade was riven,
Ruined beneath her feet, and driven
Deep in the west; while, bare and breathless,
North and south and east lay ready
For a glorious Thing, that, dumbless, deathless,
Sprang across them, and stood steady.
'Twas a moon-rainbow, vast and perfect,
From heaven to heaven extending, perfect
As the mother-moon's self, full in face.
It rose, distinctly at the base
With its seven proper colours chorused,
Which still, in the rising, were compressed,
Until at last they coalesced,
And supreme the spectral creature lorded
In a triumph of whitest white,—
Above which intervened the night.
But above night too, like the next,
The second of a wondrous sequence,
Reaching in rare and rarer frequency,
Till the heaven of heavens be circumflex,
Another rainbow rose, a mightier,
Fainter, flushier, and fightier,—
Rapture dying along its verge!
Oh, whose foot shall I see emerge,
Whose, from the straining topmost dark,
On to the keystone of that arc?

Who doubts after this example of the beautiful, that it is only a “wanton mood” that ever leads Mr. Browning to follow after the coarse and grotesque? When he leaves the merely beautiful it should be only for that yet higher region where beauty crowned by mystery is changed into the sublime. How freely the writer can breathe the “difficult air” of this eminence may be learnt from the full unflattering tones which describe his vision of Dooms-night.—

I found
Suddenly all the midnight round
One fire. The dome of Heaven had stood
As made up of a multitude
Of handbreadth cloudlets, one vast rack
Of ripples infinite and black,
From sky to sky. Sudden there went,
Like horror and astonishment,
A fierce vindictive scribble of red
Quick flame across, as if one said
(The angry scribe of Judgment) “There—
Burn it!” And straight I was aware
That the whole ribwork round, minute
Cloud touching cloud beyond compute,
Was tinted each with its own spot
Of burning at the core, till clot
Jammed against clot, and split its fire
Over all heaven, which ‘gan suspire
As fanned to measure equable.—
As when great conflagrations kill
Night overhead, and rise and sink,
Reflected. Now the fire would shrink

And wither off the blasted face
Of heaven, and I distinct could trace
The sharp black ridgy outlines left
Unburied like network—then, each cleft
The fire had been sucked back into,
Regorged, and out it surging flew
Furiously, and night writhed inflamed,
Till, tolerating to be tamed
No longer, certain rays world-wide
Shot downward, on an every side,
The clouds into vast pillars bound;
As if a dragon's nostril split
And all his famished ire o'erflowed;
Then, as he winced at his Lord's good,
Back he inhaled: whereas I found
The clouds into vast pillars bound,
Based on the corners of the earth,
Based on the skies at top: a dearth
Of fire! the violet intervals,
Leaving exposed the utmost walls
Of time, about to tumble in
And end the world.

The apparition of a divine Presence is another instance of the same faculty.—

I saw... Oh, brother, 'mid far sands
The palm-tree-cinctured city stands,
Bright-white beneath, as Heaven, bright-blue,
Above it, while the years pursue
Their course, unable to abate
Its paradisaical laugh at fate;
O'er-morn—the Arab staggers blind
O'er a new tract of desert, calcined
To ashes, allience, nothingness—
Striving, with dizzy wits, to guess
Whence fell the blow: what if, 'twixt skies
And prostrate earth, he should surprise
The imaged Vapour, head to foot,
Surveiling, motionless and mute,
His work, ere, in a whirlwind rapt,
It vanish up again?—So hapt
My chance. His stood there. Like the smoke
Pillared o'er Sodom, when day broke,—
I saw Him. One magnificent pall
Mantled in massive fold and fall
His Dread, and cold in snaky swatches
About His feet: night's black, that bathes
All else, broke, grizzled with despair,
Against the soul of blackness there.

These two poems of "Christmas-Eve" and "Easter-Day," though distinguished by separate titles, are virtually one. The former division points out the essential truth which underlies various beliefs,—insisting, nevertheless, that only one belief can be perfect. It is, in fact, an argument for the divinity of Christ,—conducted, however, in a large catholic spirit towards the writer's opponents. Into this argument it is not our mission to follow Mr. Browning:—but they who do so will take great offence at the flippancy in which a theme so weighty is urged. In the concluding section of the poem, the difficulties which obstruct belief are discussed; and are resolved into the scepticism of cold intellect, which in resisting the influence of spiritual love resists also its evidence,—for it is its own demonstration. None doubt the divine as a creed, it is urged, but those who reject it as a nature. Men fail to read the proofs of an immortal future because they are wedded in their hearts to the mortal present. Such is Mr. Browning's theology:—which, as *theology*, we detail without comment. We observe only that this part of the poem is highly transcendental; and that although Mr. Browning has here risen above the verbal trickery which disfigures the former division,—yet transcendentalism delivered in doggerel verse has throughout the effect of a discord. There is an unpleasant suggestion of the writer's discrediting his own spell,—until the spiritual power of the spell raises the reader's mind above the consideration of its form. Subtle, analytic, and often brilliant, Mr. Browning almost exhausts the various phases by which Christian belief is modified,—and his argument is full of suggestiveness and mystical beauty. We cannot help thinking of this work as of a cathedral, where, ever as we become absorbed in the anthem, the doors are thrust open to jar us with the common traffic of the street,—where in which grotesque and mocking shapes scoff at the spectator whose mind has caught the high and solemn tone which is the inspiration of the general place. It is curious to see how the instinct of the poet rebels against the shackles

which he has imposed on it, and breaks loose from most of them in the latter portion of the volume. The concluding pages—which aim at showing that the very mystery which wraps the future is necessary to spiritual growth and aspiration, and that good if limited by the bounds of sensible demonstration would leave no room for faith or progress—are those in which the poet's genius is most evident. Unfortunately for our purpose, they form a chain of sequences from which we can detach no link for quotation without breaking the series. The argument is so continuous, that the full understanding of any clause—the grasp of its finer meanings—demands a knowledge of what has gone before, and of the spiritual intention of the whole. Still, we must try to give our readers a notion of this by far the finest part of Mr. Browning's volume.—

Though sharp despairs
Shot through me, I held up, bore on.
What is it though my trust is gone
From natural things? Henceforth my part
Be less with Nature than with Art!
For Art supplies, gives mainly worth
To Nature: 'tis Man stamps the earth—
And I will seek his impress, seek
The statuary of the Greek,
Italy's painting—there my choice
Shall fix!

"Obtain it," said the Voice.
"The one form with its single act,
Which sculptors laboured to abstract,
The one face, painters tried to draw,
With its one look, from throngs they saw!
And that perfection in their soul,
These only hinted at? The whole,
They were but parts of? What each laid
His claim to glory on?—afraid
His fellow-men should give him rank
By the poor tentatives he shrunk
Smitten at heart from, all the more,
That gazers pressed in to adore!
'Shall I be judged by only these?
If such his soul's capacities.
Even while he trod the earth,—think, now
What pomp in Buonarroti's brow,
With its new palace-brain where dwells
Superb the soul, unweaved by cells
That crumbled with the transient clay?
What visions will his right hand's way
Still turn to form, as still they burst
Upon him? How will he quench thirst,
Titanically infantine,
Laid at the breast of the Divine?
Does it confound thee,—this first page
Emblazoning man's heritage?—
Can this alone absorb thy sight,
As if they were not infinite?
Like the omnipotence which tasks
Itself to furnish all that asks
The soul it means to satiate?
What was the world, the starry state
Of the broad skies,—what, all displays
Of power and beauty intermixed,
Which now thy soul is clenching betwixt,—
What, else, than needful furniture
For life's first stage? God's work, be sure,
No more spreads wasted, than falls scant:
He filled, did not exceed, Man's want
Of beauty in this life. And pass
Life's line,—and what has earth to do,
Its utmost beauty's appanage,
With the requirements of next stage?
Did God pronounce earth 'very good'?
Needs must it be, while understood
For man's preparatory state;
Nothing to heighten nor abate:
But transfer the completeness here,
To serve a new state's use,—and deprecate
Deficiency gapes every side!"

Then I—Behold, my spirit bleeds,
Catches no more at broken reeds,—
But lilies flower those reeds above—
I let the world go, and take love!
Love survives in me, albeit thou'st
I loved are henceforth masks and shows,
Not loving men and women: still
I mind how love repaired all ill,
Cured wrong, soothed grief, made earth amend
With parents, brothers, children, friends!
Some semblance of a woman yet
With eyes to help me to forget,
Shall live with me; and I will match
Departed love with love, attach
Its fragments to my whole, nor scorn
The poorest of the grains of corn
I save from shipwreck on this isle,
Trusting its barrenness may smile
With happy foodful green one day,
More precious for the pains I pray,
For love, then, only!

At the word,
The Form, I looked to have been stirred

With pity and approval, rose
O'er me, as when the headman throws
Axe over shoulder to make end—
I fell prone, letting Him expend
His wrath, while, thus, the indicting Voice
Smote me. "Is this thy final choice?
Love is the best? 'Tis somewhat late!
And all thou dost enumerate
Of power and beauty in the world,
The mightiness of love was curled
Inextricably round about.
Love lay within it and without,
To clasp thee,—but in vain! Thy soul
Still shrunk from Him who made the whole,
Still set deliberate aside
His love!—Now take love! Well betide
Thy tardy conscience! Haste to take
The show of love for the name's sake."

It is well for Mr. Browning's present venture, that poetry, from its elemental nature, may to some extent charm even where the entire work violates the harmonies of relation. Morals and science lose all their value if there be incompleteness or incongruity in their exposition; but the primary influences of beauty and truth which constitute song are welcome even through partial revelations.

The one blue break of beauty in the clouds, or the scattered stars that gaze on us through the rift, are prized though the general sky be overcast.—This qualified recognition the poems before us must claim. From their perusal intelligent minds may rise enriched with new images of beauty and new stimulants to thought. But that higher appreciation which belongs to a perfect and consistent whole—to those works in which the form corresponds to the spirit, and in which thought, passion, and even humour are harmoniously fused by the imagination—must be denied to them. If, in spite of many unquestioned excellencies, we turn from what Mr. Browning has done to speculate on what he *might have done*, it is his own genius that provokes the comparison and enhances the regret.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Sunday in London. By J. M. Capes, M.A.—The circumstance of this book being a reprint spares us the ungracious labour of commenting on the mixture of benevolence and bad temper,—hard truth and almost prurient exaggeration,—common sense and utopian speculation,—which its pages disclose. It is perhaps a sign of the times, that so many preachers of social reform seem to be nothing if not scolds, and appear to mistrust the sincerity of all who will not scold with or against them. Earnestly believing that we desire to grapple with realities, and not with mere *simulacra*,—we cannot admire the eloquence of the *tab*, cannot admit the exaggerations of the party pamphlet or the highly-spiced incidents of a Sue's class-novel, into our artillery of conquest, or progress, or fertilization. Hence, while we recognize the meanings of Mr. Capes as good, we must question the wisdom of his manner. There is too much of the "butter-milk" of human un-kindness in his preface, for the teaching of the tale which it precedes, to nourish any reader, whether he be

Priest or layman, lover or monk.

Compton Merivale: another Leaf from the Lesson of Life. By the Author of 'Brampton Rectory.'—Another of the myriad books of the day which—be they right or wrong, wise or foolish, orthodox as my Lord of Exeter or heterodox as the lowest-minded creature who is audacious enough to pretend to the luxuries of conscience and private judgment—must by their very number and variety redeem the writers and readers of this age from the charge launched against them from "Scolds in Sacking" and "Saints in Lawn"—to wit, that of indifference to the social difficulties attendant on our high civilization. Though 'Compton Merivale' may be commended for some attempt at character by framework, its main merit lies in the fulfilment of its main purpose,—which is to recommend its author's religious and politico-economical views. These are wrought out by a model He and a model She (as the old Eclogue-writers put it) on whose philanthropical doings and discourses we will not pretend to animadvert. The

tale is pretty sure to find readers:—and its execution is "void of offence."

Poems and Prose Writings. By Richard Henry Dana.—These two handsome volumes, besides presenting the reader with the productions of a popular American writer,—Mr. Dana's "Buccaneer" having fairly earned him that epithet,—possess some interest, as illustrating the changes which have passed over the world of opinion within the last forty years. The second volume is composed of contributions to transatlantic periodicals. Curious and instructive must it be to any one of younger date conscientiously reviewing

all the planets in their turn,

to see how much honest reason and disquisition have been expended on ephemera; in how complacent an attitude of superiority the writer has set himself to reckon with other critics—men, for instance, like Hazlitt, when his spurs were yet to be won—such retrospective glimpses acquiring an added "particularity" in the cases where the ocean further divided those always far-away kinsfolk as Critic and Author. We do not expect (for the best of good reasons) that average readers shall find the fascination and matter for hope which we do in collections like this, and in the comparisons which they give rise to;—but in any case no library of American literature can be complete which does not contain these volumes.

A Narrative of Arctic Discovery from the Earliest Period to the Present Time. By J. J. Shillinglaw.—This is a more brief and certainly less interesting narrative of Arctic voyages than that compiled by the late Sir John Barrow. Sir John, who wrote the first volume of his 'Arctic Voyages' in 1818, starts with Scandinavian enterprise,—taking for his authority Mallet's 'Northern Antiquities.' Mr. Shillinglaw, writing in 1850, follows Sir John and Mallet; and although the valuable historical information relative to the voyages of the Scandinavians in the Arctic Seas contained in the 'Antiquitates Americanae,' in Grönländ's 'Historiske Mindesmarker,' and in various other works published by the Society of Northern Antiquaries, has been since made accessible to the historian,—Mr. Shillinglaw has not availed himself of them. Accordingly, we have nothing new respecting this most interesting period of Arctic, and as it has been styled Ante-Columbian American, exploration. By these records we learn that the Scandinavians attained a northern latitude but 45° less than that reached by Parry,—and that they were in the habit of fishing in Barrow's Straits in the month of May. Such voyages and ventures deserve more detailed and honourable mention than is bestowed on them by M. Mallet. Passing onwards, we have short relations of the voyages of the Cabots, Corte-reaux, Willoughby, Gilbert, &c. &c., in chronological order, and condensed from Hakluyt, Purchas, and the other well-known authorities. Descending to later times, greater space is devoted to the Expeditions conducted by the Arctic officers happily yet existing among us,—for which, of course, their published voyages afford every facility; and with respect to the Expeditions undertaken by Sir James Ross and others in search of Sir John Franklin. Mr. Shillinglaw reprints the published narratives of those officers. Such materials present no matter for extract. But it is due to Mr. Shillinglaw to say that he tells us "his volume has been compiled principally with a view to keep public attention alive to the imperative duty which England owes to the brave men she has sent on a perilous service to use every practical endeavour within her power for their relief." Not questioning this motive,—we venture to remark, that had Government betrayed a sluggishness and inactivity in the service of humanity, which happily for the credit of the nation has not been the case, the cause which Mr. Shillinglaw advocates would have been better served by him had the publication of his book preceded, instead of following, as it now does, the declarations and labours of Government.

Eastern Churches: containing Sketches of the Nestorian, Armenian, Jacobite, Coptic, and Abyssinian Communities. By the Author of 'Proposals for Christian Union.'—This little book seems to be compiled from the commonest works on the subjects of which it treats, but the writer in a measure disarms criticism by his meek confessions in the preface. His "mission" appears to be, an attempt to effect a union of all the Christian sects. He has, as he

imagines, cleared the way for a reconciliation of England and Rome:—now his attention is devoted to the churches of the East. With a view to drawing these outlying fragments to the vast agglomerate, he invokes the English Government to enter into a sectarian rivalry with Russia, among Coptic, Armenian, and Nestorian congregations. Before the author of the proposal asks such a favour at her hands, it would be only fair to show the feasibility of his plans by an experiment at home. When he has produced a "union" of all the English churches, it will be soon enough for us to undertake so large an enterprise as is now proposed.

Steam to Australia: the Royal Routes. By X.X.X.—The writer of this pamphlet is a fierce opponent of the plan of steam communication with Australia by way of Central America. But the question was virtually settled by nature when she placed Southampton more than 2,000 miles nearer to Sydney by the western highway than it is by the eastern. All minor points must in the end give way to that paramount fact. The nearest way is unquestionably the best; but were it not so, it would still have to be adopted. The chief objection thrown out against this route—the probability of one of the American line companies competing for the conveyance of goods and passengers—is rather a recommendation than otherwise. We have no wish to see any more monopolies established. The competition of an American line of packets would be the very best thing that could arise for the English public whom pleasure or business might lead to Australia.

The Study of the Greek and Roman Classics, considered in relation to the Duties of Elementary Teachers. By Joshua A. Fitch.—A paper read before the quarterly meeting of British teachers at the British and Foreign School Society's rooms in London.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Barnes on Isaiah, by Cumming, new ed. 3 vols. cr. 8vo. 9s. cl.
 Bellamy (Dr.) Selections from His Papers, by Rev. J. A. James, 2s. 6d.
 Capes's (J. M.) A Journey in London, cr. 8vo. 6s. 6d. cl.
 Child's (Mrs.) The Girl's Own Book, 15th ed. 16mo. 4s. 6d. cl.
 Christmas-Eve and Easter-Day, a Poem, by R. Browning, 12mo. 6s.
 Green's Juvenile Library, Vol. V. Ellen Leslie, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.
 Cottage Gardens (The), Vol. 2, by Ellen Leslie, 8vo. 7s. cl.
 Dempsey's (D.) Iron applied to Railway Structures, 4to. 10s. 6d. swd.
 Dunstan's (J.) Treatise on the Poor Law, 12mo. 6s. 6d. cl.
 Family Altar, a Guide to Devotion, by various Ministers, 12mo. 3s. 6d.
 Green's Juvenile Library, Vol. V. Ellen Leslie, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.
 Grimes's (J. S.) Eberology, and the Phreno-Philosopher, 8s. 6d. cl.
 Hancock's (W. N.) Impediments to Prosperity of Ireland, 12mo. 1s.
 Howard's (R.) Revelations of Egyptian Mysteries, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.
 Hymns for a Week, 17th ed. 18mo. 1s. cl. swd.
 Hylton House and Inmates, by Author of 'Henpecked Husband,' 31s. 6d.
 Leaves from a Lady's Diary in Barbary, 2 vols. post 8vo. 1s. 1s. cl.
 Mahomet and His Successors, Vol. II. by Washington Irving, 10s. 6d.
 Morning of Life, a Memoir of Miss A.—n, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.
 Nozoe (the Norwegian Sailor), Life of, 5th ed. 1s. 2s. cl.
 Pagan's (Rev. G.) Lectures on Christian Theology, 2 vols. 8vo. 17. 1s.
 Pratt's (W. Tidd) The Law of Benefit Building Societies, 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.
 Reid's (Capt. M.) Adventures in Southern Mexico, 2 vols. 1s. 1s. cl.
 Sirr's (H. C.) Ceylon and the Gunglure, 2 vols. cr. 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl.
 Tait's (Dean) Sermons on School Life, 12mo. 5s. 6d. cl.
 Thucydides, by T. K. Arnold, D.D. and Tiedeman, M.A. 8vo. 12s. cl.
 Tyndale's (J.) Man of God, or Manual for Christian Ministry, 6s. 2s.
 Trench's (Rev. F.) Life and Character of St. John, 8vo. 5s. 6d. cl.
 Weale's (J.) Rudimentary Dictionary of Terms, 12mo. 3s. cl.
 Wilberforce's (B. J.) The Doctrine of the Incarnation, 3rd ed. 12s. cl.
 Wilson's (Rev. J.) Memoir of His Life and Labours, 6s. 3s. cl.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

THE importance of an international recognition of a personal right of property in the products of the brain has been for many years an admitted principle amongst the literary men of France. In 1841 the united *Comités de la Société des Gens de Lettres* and of the *Société de la Librairie*, of Paris, appointed a Commission to prepare and present a memorial to the Government, embodying the views of this influential class on the important question of international copyright. At the head of this Commission, composed of fourteen individuals, figured as Presidents and Secretaries,—for the former body, MM. Victor Hugo and Altaroche—for the latter, MM. Charles Gosselin and Pagnerre. Their memorial—too lengthy for insertion in your columns—was conceived in the most liberal spirit. The first measure which it recommended the Government to adopt, as being the long-cherished desire of the *corps littéraire et de la librairie*, was the unconditional, entire, and formal recognition in France of the privilege of copyright for all works published by foreigners in their own country. It went so far as even to repudiate making reciprocity a condition of alien authors being admitted to enjoy this privilege, on the principle of the absolute immovability of literary piracies,—which it branded as a "usurpation of property." It set forth, in a note, that the details of the question had been maturely weighed by the mixed Commission of authors and publishers,—which

was prepared to present a complete analysis of the views of the body literate; and that, as much for their interests as for the honour and the glory of the country, it behoved France to assume a generous initiative by making the first sacrifice. It declared, moreover, that commercially considered the measure was a most important one,—because it would annihilate a culpable industry which encumbered the European markets with fraudulent productions; and that neither authors nor publishers feared a fair competition. When in his capacity as President of the *Cercle de la Librairie, de l'Imprimerie, et de la Papeterie*, M. Pagnerre was consulted by M. de Tocqueville as to the sentiments of the corps littéraire of Paris on his projected treaty, M. Pagnerre (in his Report) reminded the Minister of this memorial, remarking that they would have preferred that the adoption of the great measure solicited by it had preceded all negotiation on the subject. He especially objected to the 13th clause of the ministerial draft; which, by rendering protection of foreign copyright dependent on the ratification and promulgation of the proposed Treaty, appeared to him to consecrate and legitimate all previous literary piracies. For this reason, he suggested that it should comprise all works extant of which any copyright existed; simply allowing, under certain restrictions, present editions to be sold off. The ministerial project likewise proposed to reduce the import duties on French books, one-half; a reduction to which the *English Government* has consented. The *Cercle de la Librairie* demands, through M. Pagnerre, a still greater reduction. These facts must have been known to your Paris correspondent,—as also that M. Pagnerre expressed the sentiments of the majority of the Council of the *Cercle*, and of the principal publishers, booksellers, and printers of Paris. Those whom he consulted were unanimously in favour of the Treaty,—and of opinion that it would be hailed with applause by authors, and by nine-tenths of the public in France. At this point, M. Pagnerre and your Paris correspondent may be taken leave of for the present,—and I will return to the Treaty.

It is certain that the English Government has been consulted; and has so far adhered to the project as to declare itself ready to negotiate, and to have delivered to the French Minister certain proposals written in English,—also, that the Treaty is nearly a verbal reproduction of the one on the same subject existing between England and Prussia.

It may be deemed premature to discuss the merits of this Treaty before it has become an official fact. But there is a greater evil to be apprehended from leaving the question undiscussed till then. Official facts are the stubborn members of the stubborn family of facts,—and proportionately difficult to overcome. Now, it is more than probable that unless some effort be made by those concerned, the Treaty will be made known only when it shall have been already ratified, and is past amendment;—for it is asserted to be contrary to diplomatic usage to consult private bodies when a measure is in course of negotiation, even though such measure relate exclusively to them. Under these circumstances, a positive gain must result from considering the question now; for it is not to be expected of a Minister that he shall be so intimate with the details of every matter affecting the interests of particular associations of individuals as those individuals themselves are,—or that he can legislate for their benefit so successfully without their suggestions as with them. It is unlikely, too, if certain modifications were by them deemed requisite, that the Minister would remain indifferent to their representations.—For these, amongst many other reasons, it is desirable that this question should be fully canvassed without delay.

The projected Treaty secures to alien authors the same privileges of copyright as are enjoyed by them respectively in their own countries.—By the 5th & 6th Viet. cap. 45, the privilege of copyright is guaranteed to English authors, or to their assigns, for the term of forty-two years in any case.—On the other hand, by the Imperial Decree of the 5th of February, 1810, cap. 6. sec. 1, the privilege of copyright is guaranteed to French authors for the term of their life, and to their heirs and assigns for a further period of twenty years.—Whether

this difference in the duration of the privilege of copyright in these two countries would not be productive of ultimate confusion, and prove to be of extensive detriment to the interests of the parties concerned, is a point which perhaps more strictly affects French authors; and it will be for them to require of their government an extension of the term, so as to equalize its duration in both countries. But it would be sounder policy if the two Governments were to repeal the statutes which limit the term of this privilege, and place copyright on the same footing as all other property in respect of the title of possession.

The Treaty includes *Theatrical Pieces and Musical Compositions*.—This is a repeal of clauses 18 and 19 of the 7th Viet. cap. 12:—and is a most important innovation. But in spite of its strict justice, it is not perhaps calculated to meet with the approval of a certain class in this country. Playwrights who live by palming off plagiarisms from the French as *original* pieces will not like it. Managers who seem to prefer the elegant trivialities of the French school to the sparkling and more sterling productions of native dramatists will not like it either. It is to be hoped that the measure will be adopted, notwithstanding: for this will be only carrying out the principle recognized in the above-mentioned Act,—namely, that foreign authors of dramatic pieces and musical compositions have a right of property in them: although the same Act leaves it to Her Majesty in Council to direct under what conditions they may enjoy the privilege.

The Treaty extends to *Translations for three years*.—Mr. Sydney Williams has concisely set forth in your columns [see ante, p. 344.] the advantages likely to accrue to authors, publishers, and the public from some such arrangement as this. But however desirable even a limited protection might be, it would be preferable to act on a more liberal principle. By restricting the term of protection to three years, the interests of authors and publishers would be seriously damaged. The limitation might not operate very prejudicially—if at all—with respect to ephemeral productions; but there exist numerous standard French works, good translations of which would occasion a considerable addition to the ordinary outlay of publication. Wherefore, authors and publishers both have an interest in urging that copyright in translations be subject to the same regulations as original productions.—Or, it might be the simpler course to solicit the prohibition of all translations except such as should be published with the consent of the author.

The Treaty comprises *Engravings, Works of Art, &c.*—All this is equitable in principle, though it tends to complicate.—It is a question whether it might not have been wiser to make them the subject of a distinct arrangement.

It is to be feared that English authors and publishers consider foreigners of their own cloth as likely to derive greater advantages from this Treaty than they themselves will,—or that what is proposed to be done will suffice for all practical purposes: and therefore they hold aloof from publicly mooted the question. But were it even thus, so long as they remain inactive or supine on a matter involving the great principle of International Copyright, they—whose interests suffer most from American literary piracy—must not expect that their Transatlantic brethren will be the first to make an attempt to do them justice.—I am, &c.

CHAM.

DRAINAGE OF LONDON.

It would appear to be settled by the authorities that the Thames is to be used for the drainage of London. A most valuable and striking condition connected with the river for this purpose seems, if not entirely, lost sight of:—I allude to the natural condition of the two hours' extra run of the tide down the river.

You published a short time since a letter from Mr. Hann, of King's College, advertising to a suggestion of mine for taking advantage of the two hours' extra run of tide for the more perfect drainage of London by the Thames. Certain calculations connected with the method of accomplishing this, showing that the practical difficulties could easily be overcome, were submitted to that gentleman for investigation. Subsequent inquiries have been made in

corroboration—together with some more recent experiments, to obtain further data—all of which go to prove that there are no existing difficulties that may not be vanquished. Will you permit me, through your columns, to call further attention to the subject?

Any one who will turn his attention one minute to the condition of the river, must see, that only the sewage which runs into the Thames at high water, or soon after, is carried away never to return. All sewage run into the river after this period meets the upcoming tide, and by it is brought back again to London. Supposing the rates of current to be the same up and down, the time being five up and seven down, and the discharge being constant, and of the same impurity, it is manifest that two-twelfths only of the pollution is ever carried clear out of the river by each tide. The discharge from the sewers, unfortunately, on the south side of the river, and also in most parts of Westminster and Pimlico, cannot run into the river constantly; for long before high water, and for some time after, the rise of the river dams up the sewers, and no discharge takes place. Consequently, the greatest part of the filth goes into the river shortly before and after low water:—at the very period when of necessity it must be met, and immediately brought back, by the uprising tide. It follows, therefore, that this two-twelfths is not two-twelfths of the filth of London, but only two-twelfths of a mere solution:—hence the present filthy state of the river.

Anything of less or of the same specific gravity as water thrown into the river at high water, or within two hours after, is it self evident, would be carried away by the ebb tide as effectually as if run into a caisson and floated down; but anything run into the river at low water, or within five hours of low water, will certainly be brought back again. Yet, so far as the public are permitted to be informed, there is no intention on the part of the authorities to take this fact into their consideration. Between the tunnel scheme for taking the sewage to the Nore, and that of pumping it over the land as manure—the two propositions entertained by the late Commissioners—there seems to be a compromise. The south side is to be taken part of the way to the Nore,—namely, to Deptford; that is, it is to be taken to Deptford by tunnel, and brought back by the river. Westminster sewage, it is said, being probably more rich in fertilizing properties, is to be pumped over the market gardens at Fulham; and what cannot be so disposed of is to be run into the river at low water,—it will not run in at any other time. There is evidently no intention of lifting it so as to discharge it into the river at high water. In a letter in the *Times* of the 27th of December last, it is stated by an eminent engineer, who knows the plans of the authorities, and referring to the advantages of carrying the sewage to Deptford, that it can there be "naturally drained between the intervals of high and low water." Then, surely there can be no intention of using artificial means of lifting and sluicing. The level at Deptford is lower than at London Bridge—and it is evident no sewage can be "naturally drained" at, or near, high water:—it therefore is intended to let it run into the river at low water. The *Times*, in a leading article on this point, says, and we must presume with authority—"it is not intended to use intermittent discharge." Of course, if there is to be no interval discharge, it must be continuous. Surely the public have a right to protest against this. It is certain that any sewage run into the Thames at Deptford, at a time when the levels will permit, if naturally to be discharged, will come back again to London doubly charged with filth. The common laws of hydrostatics tell us that the sewage from the great mouth at Deptford would continue to pour itself into and increase the pollution of the returning water until the tide was sufficiently high to overbalance the out-run and pond it back in the mouth of the tunnel!

If the public are told, "the authorities intend to lift and sluice it into the river at high water,"—they have a right to ask, "Why put us to the great expense of carrying it to Deptford?" It may be lifted and discharged as cheaply and effectually at London.

Something has been said about the advantage of concentrating the effluvia, and the importance of taking it away from London to Deptford; there may be advantages, or there may not, in taking the effluvia

to this spot;—and as it is a matter to which I have had my attention particularly drawn, in consequence of my late experiments on the ventilation and decomposition of gaseous sewage in Friar Street, I will venture to make one or two observations on this part of the subject.

On the Continent they lately collected the sewage exhalations, or effluvia, to one spot; and attempted to decompose it *in situ*. At Paris and at Brussels they tried to destroy it by passing it through a fire,—a furnace-fire at the base of a high chimney. In both places they failed. They found that the gaseous sewage was not decomposed by this process; it fell from the top of the tall chimney in the immediate neighbourhood, and made the nuisance greater than before. It was therefore abandoned. The fact of its falling undecomposed, particularly in some states of the weather, was not all that was proved in these experiments;—the effluvia was found to lie along the ground and move in volumes by the action of certain eddies or currents of air. A current of air from Deptford to London is often established by the flow of the river. To concentrate, therefore, the sewage at Deptford may be found inconvenient. This, however, is a point not of much consequence; for, notwithstanding that on the Continent they have failed in decomposing gaseous sewage, we have practically succeeded here. The steam jet is now decomposing, according to the evidence of James Mather, Esq., before the late Committee in the House of Lords on Ventilation of Coal Mines (see par. 3716, page 354), "when in full operation, about forty-three tons of muriatic acid per week, which were previously nearly all sent into the atmosphere to the injury of life and destruction of vegetation." In the experiments in Friar Street, above alluded to, made with a view to the decomposition of pestilential effluvia arising from sewers, it was proved that it could, at little expense, be most perfectly effected. The use of the steam jet, and the process of decomposition, are open to the public. I have no patent,—nor ever had one for the steam jet, or for the mode of decomposing. With reference to the practicability of decomposing gaseous sewage by its agency, it will be well to say, that the facts and details of the process are in possession of the Commissioners of Sewers; they are there on record, together with a vote of thanks to me for my exertions. These experiments were made on public grounds, at the time when cholera was making fearful ravages in the locality, and Friar Street sewer was thoroughly ventilated by the steam jet, and the disease stayed, when all previous attempts had failed. The success of the experiments naturally encouraged me to direct my attention to the general question of the drainage of London; and I am desirous to state this much here, because it has been said—"a gentleman living 200 miles away, fully occupied in country pursuits, can know or feel little about this matter; and actively engaged as a magistrate in two counties ought to have something better to do than mix himself up with the London sewers;"—"meddling with things that do not concern him."—The well being of our great metropolis is a matter which concerns every one.

The deposit of mud in the river is a question of some importance bearing on the drainage of London by the river. It is thought by some that the deposit must always go on, and that if the sewage be carried away by tunnel or otherwise, the deposit of mud would still take place, and that by the flow of the tide it would be disturbed and carried up and down, polluting the river. This need not be:—the conditions on which deposits in rivers depend need not exist in the Thames. No precipitation need ever take place;—any one who has studied the laws of currents and retrograde eddies, and determined the points of quiescence and precipitation, must see that no deposit need take place in the Thames under simple arrangements. The dark lines of sewage seen streaking along the sides of the river are occasioned by the eddy current, which always takes the sewage as it comes from the drains in an opposite direction to the flow of the river. When the river is running down, the sewage is running up. Between the direct and the retrograde currents there is a point of rest,—and here it is that precipitation takes place. Destroy the retrograde currents, and you destroy all deposit,—whether of sewage, of mud, or of anything else lightly held in suspension. This is a subject re-

quiring more detail than can I fear be gone into here: I will therefore conclude by observing, that if the sewage is sluiced into the bed of the river, from a proper level, at or within two hours after high water at London Bridge, the Thames will then be as pure at London as it is now at Richmond: that it has been shown by fair calculation on received data, that a single Cornish engine of 60-inch cylinder will lift all the sewage on the south side of the river sufficiently high and in time to be run in at the proper period;—but if the sewage be allowed to run in only when the natural levels will permit, whether at Westminster or at Deptford, the filth of the river will always be as bad as it is at present;—that it is in our power to destroy all pestilential effluvia, whether arising from gully-holes, from mouths of sewers, or from any other place, at little expense—and also to prevent the deposit of mud. The public have a right to ask for these things to be done. —I am, &c.

GOLDSWORTHY GURNEY.

Bude, Cornwall.

P.S. Since writing the above, I observe it stated in the *Times*, that my plan sent in to the Commissioners was to drain London "only at ebb tide." Now, I neither said nor did any such thing. I sent in no plan to the Commissioners. I suggested in a letter some time since, that the sewage, to keep the river pure, should be run into the tide "at or near high water." I hope similar mistakes have not been made in the construction of other suggestions sent to them on this matter.

G. G.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

M. Ponsard's 'Charlotte Corday.'

Paris. THIS long-expected tragedy has at length, after many delays and obstacles, made its appearance. The fact that a drama in which the heroes of the great Revolution so prominently figure should be represented before a French audience at the present moment is itself a circumstance sufficiently curious to command attention. But M. Ponsard's tragedy has other claims to notice. Its literary merits are far above the usual standard,—though perhaps somewhat below what the friends of the author had injudiciously led the public to expect. On this young dramatist the surviving adherents of the classical school—the votaries of Racine and Voltaire—had some years ago centered all their hopes. He was destined in their opinion to restore the drama to its original splendour—to be the founder of a new-old school. His 'Lucrèce,' crowned by the Academy, was, they fondly imagined, to be the first of a long series of legitimate tragedies, which were to arrest the revolutionary triumphs of Hugo and Dumas, and restore the reign of the three unities and of the Alexandrine on the French stage. Alas, for those hopes of a literary Restoration! It was soon evident that 'Lucrèce' in its colours of legitimacy was the last blossom lingering on a withered bough, and mocking its sterility. Even M. Ponsard has seen this. He has been warned by the failure of his second attempt, 'Agnès de Méranie,' that the resurrection of the old school is a hopeless attempt. In 'Charlotte Corday' many concessions to the modern spirit of literary reform are visible. Amongst these there is one, the extent of which your readers, unless they are familiar with the usages of the French stage, will scarcely appreciate. The *Théâtre Français* has actually derogated so far from the orthodox principles of the Drama as to allow of a change of scene in the very midst of the second act: not, indeed, that instantaneous scene-shifting which, I believe, authorized on every other stage,—but a fall of the curtain takes place, which after a comparatively short interval, rises to exhibit a new tableau. This is an immense innovation.

As to the piece itself.—The assassination of Marat by Charlotte Corday is not, in my opinion, a fit subject for a tragedy. The story is too well known to excite in the spectator any varying emotions of hope or fear,—too modern to leave any scope for invention on the part of the poet,—and when reduced to the strict proportions of historical truth is not dramatic. Charlotte Corday, a young girl of an ardent and enthusiastic mind—in whose veins flows the blood of old Corneille, and who

seems to have inherited the almost Roman spirit that breathes in his masculine and severe verse—adopts with ardour the new theories of liberty and independence of which the Girondists are the eloquent supporters. She learns that these latter, the objects of her fervent admiration, are proscribed,—that a hated Triumvirate reigns supreme,—and that Marat, beside whom Robespierre seems clement and Danton generous, has declared that three hundred thousand heads must fall ere the Republic can be considered secure. In the silence and solitude of her obscure home, she nurses the one engrossing thought of freeing France from a monster whose human sacrifices dishonour the altar of her pure goddess, Liberty. Without trusting confidant or friend, she starts for Paris,—purchases a knife,—demands an interview with the tyrant,—and relentlessly stabs him to the heart. Simple as the action is, it might form the subject of a romance; and the pages which Lamartine in his 'History of the Girondists' has dedicated to Charlotte (whom by a startling antithesis he terms the "angel of assassination") are there to prove it. But a dramatic composition requires more complicated elements. There should be antagonistic principles or conflicting passions exhibited, between which the struggle may be doubtful.—There is nothing of this in M. Ponsard's work. The most peculiar feature in Charlotte's character was her concentrated determination and self-reliance,—the most peculiar feature of her crime was its dispassionateness, if I may use the word. All this is the very reverse of dramatic. Even love is banished from the new tragedy; for Charlotte's preference for the handsome Girondist Barbaroux is merely indicated,—and Voltaire himself, who so much admired political tragedies without love in them, might have been satisfied with M. Ponsard's production.

The real seat of interest during this performance was not on the stage, but in front of the curtain. It was a curious experiment to try whether the men and the crimes of a former Revolution could be represented with impunity before an audience so divided by political animosities,—and in a country where the cause of progress against resistance, of reform against repression, is still pending. A glance round the house on the first night of representation was enough to show this. There was scarcely a man of any importance in the political or literary world of Paris who was not present,—as if eager to avail himself of this opportunity of feeling the public pulse. The police in attendance at the theatre was as numerous as though some political debate were about to take place, instead of a dramatic performance. Fortunately, these precautions were unnecessary,—and the piece was listened to with the utmost calm. This was perhaps owing scarcely more to the impartiality with which the author has handled his subject than to the simple fact of the tragedy being in verse:—a circumstance which, while it destroys much of the verisimilitude of the drama, imparts a loftiness and vagueness to the personages which remove them from our own sphere. We feel involuntarily, that the Danton and Marat who exchange such harmonious Alexandrines as they sit in council belong to an ideal world,—the world of heroes and demi-gods, of superhuman guilt and colossal crimes, to which our passions and feelings bear no proportion. A prologue, written I am told by express command of the authorities, had, too, a most soothing influence. Therein, the Muse of History appears; and after relating her birth and infancy in very fair verse, she boasts that on the Athenian stage she dared to show "the sons what their fathers have done before them." Clio then appeals to the French,—and asks them if they will be less impartial than the Athenians whose heirs they desire to be considered.

The first act shows a Girondist meeting. This scene serves to expose the state of political affairs at the period when the drama opens, and to explain the conflict going on in the Convention between the Girondist, or moderate, and the Montagnard, or ultra-revolutionist, parties:—but it has the great defect of introducing several personages who take no further part in the action. Amongst these, are Madame Roland, Vergniaud, and Siéyès. This latter strives to effect a reconciliation between

Danton (whom he justly considers as far superior to Robespierre or Marat) and the chiefs of the Girondist party. Danton, himself, in an animated scene, frankly offers his alliance to his former enemies; but the prison-massacres of September, which he allowed if he did not order them, form an impassable barrier between the Girondists and himself. "There is blood upon your hands," exclaims Barbaroux:—and the two parties separate with words of mutual defiance. In this act there are some very fine verses, and the line—

Qu'est ce qu'une Vertu qui ne s'indigne pas?—which Barbaroux utters when accused of impolitic austerity by his more conciliating friends—is worthy of Corneille.

In the second act we are introduced to Charlotte Corday; who in the fields near Caen is overlooking a party of haymakers,—a volume of Jean-Jacques in her hand, and already absorbed in those ardent reveries of liberty and patriotism which are to cause her crime and her death. The fugitive Girondists, who have been defeated in their struggle against the Montagne, appear; and after relating to the young girl (whose enthusiasm for their cause they soon discover) the events that have obliged them to fly from Paris, inquire their way to the nearest town. Charlotte promises them an asylum, and acts herself as their guide. There is in this whole scene a pervading imitation of antique simplicity, which—strange to say—is very pleasing. Charlotte replies to the questions of the wayfarers with the dignity of some princess in Greek tragedy welcoming strangers at the gate of her father's palace, rather than with the bashfulness of a country girl; and when she learns that the fugitives are the men whom she has so long admired at a distance—Vergniaud, Pethion, Buzot, Barbaroux, &c.,—she contemplates them with as much awe and repeats their names with as many epithets as any maiden of antiquity who might suddenly have found herself in presence of the Theban chiefs or of the princes who fought before Troy. This classical affectation, which might under other circumstances be displeasing, is appropriate enough in a scene with the Girondist leaders,—whose life and manners were one continued plagiarism.

The scene changes to the house of the aged relative who has adopted Charlotte. A few old people—the last relics of a by-gone society—are quietly playing cards, and talking alternately of their fears of the future and of their regrets for the past. We can easily fancy that some such nooks and corners must have existed even during the Reign of Terror;—and the scene reminds us of some of the descriptions of provincial life in the first part of Chateaubriand's 'Memoirs.' The political earthquake which has just overthrown the hopes of the moderate party, and placed every man's life in jeopardy, might have rolled unheeded by without disturbing the round game in Madame de Breteville's salon, but for the arrival of Charlotte; who announces the proscription of the Girondists and the triumph of Marat, and throws her old friends into consternation by her passionate declamations in favour of Liberty—the Liberty of the Girondists, of course. The whole party breaks up in fear and trembling:—and thus closes the second act. The plot, it will be seen, moves slowly; and none of the scenes that I have described can properly be called dramatic. The next act is still less so; being entirely devoted to a dialogue between Barbaroux and Charlotte, in which the former unconsciously confirms the young girl in her yet vague desire to rid France of the tyranny of Marat. Her project assumes a more definite shape as she listens to the revolting portraits which the young and eloquent Girondist traces of the Triumvirate:—and when Barbaroux hints his love, she replies that the times call for sterner thoughts, and that patriotism alone must fill their minds.

The scene of the fourth act is laid in the Palais Royal,—and shows us Charlotte in Paris. Eager groups are gathered round a popular orator, who is sounding the praises of Marat and denouncing the aristocrats to vengeance. Charlotte is among the listeners,—and has already concealed in her bosom the knife which is to liberate her country. The criminal thought which the spectator has felt

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lowered from its birth is on the point of execution; but Charlotte is naturally tender-hearted, and the prattle of a child goes near to diverting her thoughts into a softer channel. Those who have read Lamar-tine's 'Girodins' may have an exact idea of this scene;—which is evidently taken from his work, even in its most trifling details.

The opening scene of the fifth act is incomparably the finest of the work:—and gives occasion for one of the best pieces of acting that I have ever seen. Geoffroy, who acts the part of Marat, is just what the self-styled 'Ami du Peuple' must have been. He has assumed the ignoble face, the hideous smile, and the glassy eye which the portrait by David has rendered familiar. The burly and vaunting Danton is ably represented too; and the characters of both, as well as that of Robespierre, are well sustained throughout a scene of great effect and power. The Triumviri have met in council at the house of Marat, to decide on the best means of turning their victory to account. 'The Revolution is ours,' exclaims Danton; 'what use shall we make of it?'—'The Revolution belongs to no one,' sharply replies Robespierre, who already contemplates the possibility of confiscating it to his own purposes.—Danton, who loves not crime for its own sake, argues for a conciliating policy. He is sick of blood and massacre, and would fain obliterate the hateful remembrance of September. Marat sees no safety for the Republic save in the destruction of all her enemies. Three hundred thousand heads are what he demands; while Robespierre—cold, griggish, and sententious—betrays in his unmeaning declamations the hypocritical policy by which he will finally overcome both his rivals for power. This whole scene is admirably conducted and highly effective,—and the verses in many parts are remarkably good. The following lines are very powerful. Marat has openly accused Robespierre of hypocrisy and Danton of lukewarmness.—

Marat. Je ne pense pas, moi, Que tout soit terminé dès qu'on n'a plus de roi. C'est le commencement.—Je sais que chez les Nôtres Quelqu'un ne voulait que la place des autres, Et tiennent que chacun doit être satisfait. Quand ce sont eux qui font ce que d'autres ont fait. Leur Révolution se mesure à leur taille. Ce n'est pas pour si peu, Danton, que je travaille,— Ami du peuple hier, je le suis aujourd'hui. J'ai souffert, j'ai lutté, j'ai haï comme lui. Héros, ou bli, dédaigné, hauteur patricienne, Ses affronts sont les miens, sa vengeance est la mienne. Il le sait, il défend celui qui le défend; Or, je portais loin son drapeau triomphant. Il ne me suffit pas d'un changement de forme; Au sein des profondeurs j'enfonçai la réforme. Je veux, armé du soc, retourner les sillons. A fondre les habits; à loi soleil les haillons! Je veux que la misère écrase l'opulence; Que le pauvre à son tour ait le droit d'insolence; Qu'un tremble devant ceux qui manqueraient de pain, Et qu'ils aient leurs flatteurs, courtisans de la faim. Chapeau bas! grands seigneurs, bourgeois et valetaille, Vos maîtres vont passer; saluez la canaille!

Danton. Morbleu! la liberté ne veut pas de despote. Chapeau bas! grand seigneur,—chapeau bas! sans-culotte, Et saluez la loi, non les individus, Car ce n'est qu'à la loi que ces respects sont dûs.

Marat. Tu n'y comprends rien. Danton. Non, je n'ai pas de génie, Je veux tout simplement briser la tyrannie; Qu'elle vienne d'en haut, qu'elle vienne d'en bas, Elle est la tyrannie, et je ne l'aime pas.

As may be supposed, such a conversation ends in mutual threats and accusations. Marat is then left alone; and after a monologue in which his character is well brought out, retires to allay the fever which is preying on his diseased frame by the aid of a bath. Charlotte arrives, and asks to speak with the 'friend of the people.'—but is refused admittance by Marat's wife. During the altercation between the two, the voice of Marat is heard from behind the curtain that conceals the bath, requesting the *citoyenne* to communicate what she may have to say. Marat's wife retires; and Charlotte, still hesitating on the very brink of crime, is questioned by him concerning the Girodins who have taken refuge in Normandy. She slowly dictates to the invisible tyrant the list of those who are at Caen; and when she falters out the name of Barbaroux, and the voice of Marat answers that he shall mount the scaffold ere long, the threat restores sudden energy to Charlotte.

Drawing forth her knife, she disappears behind the curtain.—A groan ensues,—crowds rush in,—the curtain which concealed the bath is drawn aside,—and the scene closes on a *tableau* which recalls the well-known picture of the death of Marat by David.

Here the piece should have ended: but M. Ponsard has added a scene between Charlotte in her prison and Danton, which contains the moral of the play,—and is consequently heavy and tedious.—Danton, extreme in good as in ill, is struck with Charlotte's self-devotion,—and would save her life at peril of his own. He reminds her that he is still the Tribune of the People,—the Danton who has so often excited or appeased the raging Faubourgs; and proposes to accompany her to the scaffold and there raise his powerful voice in her defence. But Charlotte has one only anxiety:—Has her crime been availing?—has it saved her country? Is she blessed as a deliverer, though hated as a murderer?—'The sounds you hear,' answers Danton, 'are the acclamations of the crowd celebrating the apotheosis of the new god Marat!—your dagger has given him a place in the Pantheon.'—Charlotte is then led out to execution; and the curtain falls on the following soliloquy of Danton:—

Encore une tête qui tombe. Un aujourd'hui! demain les Girodins! puis moi! Puis les autres! telle est l'inévitable loi! C'est terrible et c'est grand. Soldat de son idée, Chacun meurt pour sa foi, pur son sang fécondé; Mais l'œuvre est immortelle, et les hommes nouveaux, Maudissant les acteurs, béniront les travaux. Allons, jusqu'à la mort continuons la guerre; Nous sommes encore deux; à nous deux Robespierre!

This scene—which has all the appearance of a sixth act—has I believe been suppressed since the first few representations.

On the whole, 'Charlotte Corday,' even did it not contain passages of considerable poetical merit, would still be a remarkable performance. The very fact of its having been listened to with composure, proves much dexterity in the author. He has accomplished a feat somewhat similar to that of a man who should contrive to let off fireworks in a powder magazine without producing an explosion.—The question is, whether a less dangerous experiment would not have been productive of more enjoyment to the public. The office of the Drama from time immemorial has been to rouse, not to soothe, the passions:—and it is, after all, a sorry triumph for a dramatic poet to have succeeded in not exciting his audience.

F. P.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

A small but very select collection of extremely rare Greek coins was lately disposed of at Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson's rooms, the property of Mr. F. R. P. Boocke, a Russian gentleman. Many of the coins in this cabinet rival most other specimens known here or on the Continent; and they generally obtained good prices, notwithstanding the approaching sales of Mr. Brumell's extensive and very choice collection, and of that of a distinguished nobleman—both abandoning the pursuit. Among the principal features of Mr. Boocke's cabinet were the following:—Lot 10, a most rare and fine medalet, in brass, of Hannibalianus, brother of the Emperor Dalmatius, with the curious, unique legend *FL. HANNIBALIANO REGI* (?) This beautiful piece was found in making the excavations for the Birmingham Station,—and is of great value. A small coin of Eugenius, very rare in brass, sold for 12. 15s. only: specimens of it are seldom met with even in the best collections. A fine and valuable Roman medallion of Philip senior, Otacilia, and Philip junior, perfectly genuine, was withdrawn. Lot 20, a large brass medal of Julius Caesar, sold for 31. 3s.:—one of Didius Julianus, for 21. 19s.:—one of Manlia Scantilla, for 31. 17s.:—and one of Caracalla, R the famed Circus Maximus, for 31. 3s. These last beautiful medals formerly belonged to one of the greatest collectors in Italy. Lot 41, a rare gold medal of Argemutus, certainly authentic, sold comparatively cheap, being valued by Mionnet at 121. Lot 53, a splendid silver medal of Croton, executed in the best style of Art, representing the Infant Hercules strangling the Serpents, sold for only 21. 5s. We believe it was formerly in the famed Pembroke collection. A most rare Ionic silver coin of Miletus,

lot 77, produced 33s.:—a silver tetradrachm of Amyntas, lot 84, brought 21. 17s.:—being rather a high price at the present time. The Greek copper coins in general were both fine and rare, and produced very adequate prices. A unique one of Britannicus brought 31. 5s. It was struck at Heraclea, in Bithynia.

We have received the following, in reference to an illustration employed by our correspondent who wrote last week [p. 342], on the subject of the 'Contribution of the Products of Aborigines to the Industrial Exhibition of 1851.'—'Permit the author of the 'Life of an Insect' to set 'M. D.' right about his friends, the bees. They do no such thing as cover the dead bodies of bees, snails, or slugs with wax. Bees are much wiser, and select a more fitting material—one also not of their own secretion—when occasion arises for intra-mural sepulture in the queendom of Apia. This material is a resinous exudation from trees, which when appropriated and elaborated by bees is known as *Propolis*. The tenacity of this substance is incomparably superior to that of wax,—and in every way it is admirably suited for the occasional purpose to which it is applied.—Are we to understand that 'M. D.' speaks of a regular habit of bees when he says, 'The bee covers its dead bodies with wax. They are too heavy to be carried away, and they would soon become offensive?' Does 'M. D.' know, that a single bee has dragged a flower up a glass pane to which six bees were hanging? Surely, also, it is an error to suppose that the bees on dying are covered over with any material as a general rule? Unquestionably, the dead bodies are removed from the hive. In Reaumur's account of the bee battles, it is mentioned that the dead bodies of the slaughtered were carried to a distance from the hive. A victor bee would be seen flying out of the hive with the dead body of its foe in its grasp, and on reaching a little distance from the hive would there deposit the corpse. This seems contradictory to the statements made by M. D.'

Mr. W. Pennington, of the Audit Office of the Manchester, Sheffield and Lincolnshire Railway, has sent us an official letter which we do not quite understand. Mr. Pennington desires to know how the Railway Clearing House can be called a *central* establishment,—when, according to Dr. Lardner's book, reviewed in the *Athenæum* of the 23rd ult., it is in correspondence with only a *part* of the railways of Great Britain. It appears to us that this is a question which should be addressed rather to Dr. Lardner than to ourselves. We did not describe the Clearing House as a *central* institution at all,—and even if we had done so, we confess we do not see that there would have been any extreme impropriety in the expression. Mr. Pennington has also sent us some other papers, from which we gather at least two facts:—first, that he seems to have some quarrel with, or dislike to, the present Clearing House arrangements,—and secondly, that he is a very positive person. If it will in any way assist Mr. W. Pennington to know that the Bankers' Clearing House in Lombard Street is generally considered to be a central institution, notwithstanding the exclusion from it of several of the largest banking-houses in London, we place that piece of information at his disposal.

The French Minister of Commerce has addressed a circular to the different chambers of commerce and manufactures in that country, calling on them to gird up their loins for the great industrial battle of nations to be fought next year in Hyde Park. All over the Continent trumpet is answering trumpet (in acknowledgment of the challenge), in notes that carry no terror in the sound. The Minister urges France to be prepared by every possible effort to hold her own in the coming contest.—This is the new chivalry, which lets the labourer into its ranks. Men who engage in a strife like this will have no time for the warfare of the musket and the sword.

A German correspondent, writing to us from Jena, gives us some curious information relating to the female writers of Germany. Referring to our notice [ante, p. 256] of the German romance of 'Aphra Behn,' he corrects us for calling the author Herr Mühlbach. L. Mühlbach, it appears, is a lady,—the name a pseudonym (*secret de Polichinelle*), for Mrs. Mundt. The lady was Clara Müller in her

maiden state; and is now "the wife of the *olim* head of young Germany, M. Theodor Mundt, the well-known tourist, at present by the grace of the Prussian ministry Professor of German Literature at the University of Breslau." She is a very productive author,—having already given more than a score of novels to the world. Our correspondent is more severe on the licentiousness of this lady's books than we were, in the instance in question, ourselves. He describes her as in her writings "a worshipper of the *emancipation of the flesh*,"—though blameless in her private life." Her works, he says, are not valued in her own country,—finding their way chiefly into circulating libraries, for the reading of grisettes, &c. "All our authoresses," adds our correspondent—"we hope somewhat too summarily and severely"—are licentious in their choice of heroes and heroines, and in their manner of treating their subjects. So, Miss Lewald, in her 'Prince Louis Ferdinand' (this only a German can know)—and so, even the Countess Hahn, the *Bas Bleu* hyper-aristocrat, &c. They who wish well to the literature of our country," he concludes, "will rejoice when a tendency of this nature is severely repressed in a foreign journal having such character and authority in Germany as the *Athenæum*."

On the evening of the 28th ult. an important public meeting was held in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester,—at the instance of the Executive Committee of the Lancashire Public School Association,—for the purpose of forwarding the movement for a national scheme of secular education on the principles set forth by that body:—Mr. George Wilson occupying the chair. The scheme, our readers know,—and as the chairman urged,—like that which Mr. Fox has brought before Parliament, is one that aims at giving general secular education, to be supported by local rates, and managed by local committees elected by the local rate-payers. It seeks no aid from Government; and affirms as a broad and distinct principle that it is our duty not to leave the education of the people to the spontaneous efforts of philanthropists,—but amongst ourselves to give to the children of all classes, as a great educational charter, the right to be educated at the public cost in the county or division of the county in which they reside. The old leaven was of course at work,—the spirit which would allow the people to drink at none of the educational fountains, unless in religious vessels. According to this ancient spirit, Knowledge must be exercised before she can be safely let loose among the lower orders. Over the whole domain of instruction the priest only has the right of passport. The preachers of this order seem dreadfully afraid that their disciples must escape from their teaching if they be taught anything else. There are wiser men amongst the clergy of all denominations, who think that whatever truth they have to show is presented with most advantage to trained powers and cultivated minds.—In any case, the people seem to have got firm hold of the principle that they are entitled to be educated by the community in which they live; and the Lancashire Association will, we trust, be the means of setting up the schoolmaster all over the land.—At this meeting a committee was appointed as a deputation to another meeting, then announced to be held on the same subject in the Town Hall on Monday the 1st inst.—The requisition for this latter meeting was signed by upwards of five hundred gentlemen; and hours before the time appointed the people hung about the building within which their battle was to be waged. The end of it was, that while the Mayor presided over a hard-fought contest within the hall, Mr. Shuttleworth from the railings that fronted the building presided over a concurrent meeting held without. In both cases the motion for a petition to the House of Commons embodying the views of the Association was eagerly carried.—We may observe, that the scheme advocated at the above meetings differs from the Scottish one to which we alluded some weeks ago,—first, in that it entirely dissociates secular from religious instruction,—and secondly, in that it rejects all central or Government control whatever.—We trust, however, that in the Bill which Mr. Fox is about to bring into Parliament so much of Government interference will be reserved, or such guarantees taken in the form of penalties easily recoverable, or otherwise, as will effectually prevent in any district where his schools may be estab-

lished the future evasion of that which is a leading feature of his scheme,—its avoidance of special religious teaching.

While the subject of education for the masses, too far advanced now to be ever put back, is gradually making good its ground, we are glad to see that another matter which, while it involves their moral and material health, is likewise a means of education, is not lost sight of. Everywhere there is a spreading disposition to secure for the toiling population of the land an occasional escape from the crowded thoroughfares and close alleys in which their lot is cast, and a taste of the sweet influences by which Nature at once heals and elevates and teaches. While attempts that are above all praise are making in many directions, by good and earnest men, to bring the air-current of towns, such as it is, into the dwellings of the poor,—it is not forgotten that their jaded spirits and weary limbs need the refreshment of the breeze where it has the trees for its harp and the breath of flowers upon its wings. So far as the metropolis is concerned, this is, after all, no more than a return,—though made in a more earnest and anxious spirit—to the unconscious wisdom of our ancestors. The crowded haunts which are now the home of the artisan lay once amid comparatively open spaces; and pleasant fields that even the young among us may remember were here and there within a walking distance of the poor man's door. The Genius of Brick and Mortar has invaded all these,—and shut the London dwellers in amid a close and interminable labyrinth of streets. To open breathing-places in this stifling den is a work as holy as his who of old sank a well in the desert. He who lets in a current of air to a crowded neighbourhood does a better office to his kind than he who founds a hospital—the one being for prevention, the other for cure: and he who lays out ground for the exercise and recreation of the humble within easy reach of their homes founds the best of all hospitals. We are glad to see, then, the proposal for a new Park to be laid out for the Finsbury district of London. An area of three hundred acres of vacant ground—which will cost about 150,000*l.*—has been pointed out as an eligible site; and a committee has been formed to carry the project into effect.—It is stated, too, that arrangements are concluded for affording to the metropolitan public the advantage of much increased facilities of admission to the gardens and grounds of Chelsea Hospital. At present certain portions of these grounds are accessible at stated seasons of the year, and on Sundays only. It is now arranged to throw them open daily, and without restriction as to season. The particular portions of the garden to which it is intended the public shall have access are its centre walk and terraces, the latter bounded by the Thames, and commanding all the diversified attractions of that portion of the river. The inclosed spaces abutting on the northern frontage of the hospital, known as "Burton's Court," have hitherto been attached to the occupation of the Governor; but measures have been effected for throwing open these also, subject to conditions which contemplate the very slightest interference with the enjoyment of the public,—viz., the occupation of a part of the ground, at a particular period of the year, for the drilling of the Chelsea pensioners. The expediency of these arrangements was first pressed, says the *Observer*, on the attention of Government in 1845 by Her Majesty's Commissioners for Metropolitan Improvements. Insurmountable difficulties, however, then stood in the way of their accomplishment. At length, on the demise of the late Governor, that good friend of the people, the Earl of Carlisle, in his capacity of chairman of the Commission, brought the subject under the consideration of Lord John Russell; with whose concurrence negotiations were opened with the Horse Guards and with the Hospital authorities, which have resulted in the ready acquiescence of all parties.—It is further said that, in deference to the wishes of the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood, the Commissioners of Woods and Forests have prevented encroachments on a portion of Greenwich Park lately attempted to be made, and declare that they will not permit any further invasion. The parishioners, however, are not satisfied, and have agreed to present a petition to the House of Commons praying for the removal of all

encroachments that have from time to time been already made on the Park.

BRITISH INSTITUTION. Pall Mall.—The GALLERY of the EXHIBITION of and SALE of the WORKS of BRITISH ARTISTS is OPEN DAILY, from Ten till Five.—Admission, 1*l.* GEORGE NICOL, Secretary.

NILE.—GRAND MOVING PANORAMA of the NILE, comprising all the Monuments of Antiquity on its Banks, to which is added the interior of the great Rock Temple of Amen Ra. Painted by Messrs. Warren, Bonomi, and Fisher.—**EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY.**—Daily, at Three and Eight o'clock.—Adults 3*s.*, Pit 2*s.*, Gallery 1*s.*; Children and Schools, Half-price.

NOVELTY.—JUST OPENED, at the DIORAMA, Regent's Park, a highly-interesting EXHIBITION, representing the ROYAL CASTLE of STOLZENFELS, on the Rhine, (visited by Her Majesty Queen Victoria in August, 1845, and its Environs, as seen at Sunset and during a Thunder Storm; painted by THOMAS MEISTER, of Cologne. And the much-admired Picture of THE SHIPWRECK OF THE NATIVITY, at Bethlehem; painted by the late M. RENOUX, from a Sketch made on the spot by DAVID ROBERTS, Esq. R.A., with two novel and striking effects.

INDIA OVERLAND MAIL.—GALLERY of ILLUSTRATION, 14, Regent-street, Waterloo-place.—A Gigantic MOTION PICTURE, ILLUSTRATING THE ROUTE of the OVERLAND MAIL to INDIA, depicting every object worthy of notice on the highly-interesting journey from Southampton to Calcutta, accompanied by descriptive detail, and appropriate music (which is played in preparation for the last nine months), is now OPEN DAILY, at Two and Half-past Seven o'clock.—Admission, 1*s.*; Reserve Seats, 2*s.* 6*d.* (which may be previously engaged).—Descriptive Catalogues may be obtained at the Gallery.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION. DR. BACHHOFFNER'S SECOND LECTURE on the PHILOSOPHY of SCIENTIFIC RECREATION.—OPTICAL EFFECTS, &c.—at Two, and every Evening, except Saturday, at Eight o'clock.—THIRD LECTURE, by J. H. PEARCE, Esq., on the CHEMISTRY of the METALS, with brilliant Experiments, &c., in the Evening.—An entirely new SERIES of DISSOLVING VIEWS, exhibiting SCENES in CEYLON, from Sketches done on the spot by A. Nicholls, Esq., painted on Glass by Mr. Gray; also a SERIES of VIEWS of the ARCTIC REGIONS, with an interesting Description, &c.—Half-past Four, and Eight o'clock, in the Evening. THE VIEWS of LONDON in the SIXTEENTH and SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES, are shown at One o'clock.—Experiments with the DIVER and DIVING BELL, &c.—Admission, 1*s.*; Schools, Half-price.

SOCIETIES

LINNEAN.—April 2.—R. Brown, Esq., President, in the chair.—Part of a paper was read by J. Miers, Esq., 'On the Natural Order Trimenaceae.' Three new genera of plants belonging to this order were described under the names *Scipichila*, *Hyallima*, and *Loridium*. Species of these genera had been found in both the old and the new world. The remainder of the paper will be read at the next meeting.

ENTOMOLOGICAL.—April 1.—G. R. Waterhouse, Esq., President, in the chair.—G. H. Dalton, Esq., and Herr M. Bach, were elected corresponding Members.—Mr. Westwood exhibited a new Coleopterous insect, *Cholovocera Madera*, which was remarkable for having the usual faceted eyes replaced by ocelli,—a peculiarity not hitherto observed in any metamorphic winged insect. He also exhibited insects mounted on gelatine, which he considered preferable to talc, as the insects were more firmly secured,—the gum by which they were fastened not being so liable to scale off.—Mr. Stainton exhibited a British species of *Micropteryx*, which he had previously overlooked, though it was described by Mr. Stephens under the name of *concinella*. It appeared that this species was the true *aruncella* of Scopoli, and that the insect described by Mr. Stainton, in his monograph of the genus, under that name, must now resume the name of *Seppella*, Fab.; in both species the females are destitute of markings.—Mr. Douglas exhibited a new British *Elachista*, for which he proposed the name *occaltella*,—and read brief descriptions of it, and of the *Grapholitha Weirana*, which he had exhibited at the February meeting. He also exhibited an empty pupa, apparently of some Noctua, in a thistle stem of last year.—Mr. S. Stevens exhibited some beautiful Lepidoptera from Santarum, on the River Amazons, including *Callithea Godartii*, and *C. Leprieurii* of Feisthamel.—Mr. Stainton exhibited some leaves of *Helianthemum vulgare*, mined by some small larva, apparently Lepidopterous.—A paper by Mr. S. S. Saunders, was read, on two new Strepsipterous insects from Albania, parasitical on the genus *Hyleus*, with some remarks on their habits and metamorphoses.—Mr. Westwood remarked that he thought the *Hylei* were parasitic; which Mr. Smith doubted, having seen specimens excavating bramble-sticks for their cells.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—April 2.—W. Cubitt, Esq., President, in the chair.—The paper read was 'Description of a Lift Bridge, erected over the Grand Surrey Canal, on the line of the

Thames Junction Branch of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway,' by Mr. R. J. Hood.

At the monthly ballot, the following candidates were elected:—Messrs. G. B. Bruce and G. Remington, as members; and C. C. Baynes, C. Cowper, G. Donaldson, W. Johnson, G. J. Munday, and W. Taylor, as Associates.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—March 22.—The Duke of Northumberland in the chair.—Prof. A. C. Ramsay 'On the Geological Phenomena that have produced or modified the Scenery of North Wales.'

To arrive at a clear understanding of all the causes that had operated in producing the scenery of North Wales, Prof. Ramsay explained the manner of the deposition in an ancient sea of at least 4,000 feet of interstratified Cambrian sandstones and purple slates, above which were formed the lower Silurian rocks, composed of fossiliferous blue slates, during the deposition of which submarine volcanos burst forth, so that the ordinary muddy sediment became largely interstratified with beds of hard felspathic trap and volcanic ashes, the whole attaining a thickness in their highest development of about 18,000 feet, during a period of gradual depression of a portion of the bed of the sea, accompanied by an equivalent accumulation of sedimentary and other material. These consolidated rocks were then disturbed and heaved up in a cold or temperate sea, in the form probably of a few barren islands, the vegetation of which, if they had any, is quite unknown to us. Afterwards above a long succession of newer geological formations, we arrive at the period of the formation of the coal measures, and by an examination of the plants of the time, we get a second more distinct hint of a lost terrestrial scenery sixty or seventy times repeated, as indicated by the occurrence of an equal number of coal beds, each resting on the soil on which the plants grew that formed the coal. In later times the whole of the rocks from the Cambrians to the Coal Measures inclusive were disturbed together, and round a larger country, of which Wales and the Malvern formed a part, the new red sandstone, oolites and chalk were partly accumulated in a sea, into which flowed rivers bearing the plants, animals and insects of the time. These and other oscillations of level were accompanied by denudation (or the constant waste of the surface material of the rocks by atmospheric disintegration, the action of running water, and the effects of breakers on coasts), which in the instance of the Mendip hills, Prof. Ramsay proved to have resulted in the removal of many thousands of feet of rock once super-imposed on the present surface. Similar reasonings are applicable to all Wales, and these effects acting on interstratified rocks of various hardness, produced that excessive irregularity in the skeleton of the scenery, the rugged character of which appears in striking contrast to the smoother outline of the hills south of Cader Idris, the rocks of which mostly possess a more uniform structure. During one of these oscillations of level, the Welsh mountains stood amid the waters of the glacial sea in the form of a group of islands, to illustrate which drawings were pointed out of parts of Shropshire and Caernarvonshire, showing the nature of the scenery as it now is, and as it was when this cold sea washed the base of the inland mountains.

The anatomy of the present scenery was then explained, by means of sections, showing the comparatively level glacial sea-bottom resting on the denuded edges of old rocks, which, being a continuation of the disturbed beds of the inner mountains, at the edges of the low country plunge beneath and form a floor for the support of its superficial accumulations. It was during the influence of this cold time that, according to the theory of Prof. E. Forbes, some of our Alpine plants took up their abode on the islands (now mountain tops) which, by subsequent upheaval, are far removed from the sea. During and immediately preceding the latter times of this epoch the Welsh valleys were more or less filled with glaciers, as first pointed out by Dr. Buckland. In most instances the moraines have been destroyed in low-lying districts, because the glacial sea during a time of depression re-arranged the material, and this sea-bottom frequently forms the resistance that dams up the lakes in the lower valleys. In the higher valleys, however, the moraines, both lateral and terminal, are frequently

almost perfect; and in numerous instances (a circumstance not heretofore pointed out) the terminal moraines form a natural embankment, damming up the waters of the lakes in the higher recesses of the mountains, instances of which were pointed out by means of views of Llyn Idwal and Ffynnon Llugwy. Another point, having often a singularly picturesque effect, was also in this lecture first explained, viz., the numerous transported stones of great size, perched often on polished surfaces of rock in situations so precarious that it is evident they could not have rolled there from the heights above, otherwise they would have bounded yet deeper into the valleys below: and it was therefore inferred that they were quietly allowed to settle where they now rest at the final disappearance of permanent ice from the hills.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- MON.** Geographical, half-past 8.—'Notes on the Geography of South Africa,' by Messrs. Mac Queen and Oswald.
- TUES.** British Architects, 8.
- TUES.** Civil Engineers, 8.—'On the Construction of Locks and Keys,' by Mr. J. Chubb.
- WED.** Zoological, 9.—Scientific Business.—'On Australian Fish,' by Sir J. Richardson, M.D.—'On the Marine Mollusca collected by Capt. Kellett and Lieut. Wood,' by Prof. E. Forbes, and other papers.
- WED.** Geological, half-past 8.—'Observations on the Discovery by Prof. Lepsius of Sculptured Marks on Rocks in the Nile Valley in Nubia, indicating that within the historical period the River flowed at a higher level than in modern times,' by L. Horner, Esq. F.R.S.
- THURS.** Ethnological, 8.
- THURS.** Literary Fund, 3.
- THURS.** London Institution, 7.—Soirée.—Prof. Redwood 'On the Universal Influence of Magnetism.'
- THURS.** Royal, half-past 8.
- THURS.** Royal Society of Literature, 4.
- THURS.** Antiquaries, 8.
- FRI.** Royal Institution, half-past 8.—'A Popular View of certain Points in the Undulatory Theory of Light,' by the Rev. Prof. M. O'Brien.
- FRI.** Philological, 8.
- FRI.** Astronomical, 8.

FINE ARTS

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

By way of addenda to last week's notice, we ought to specify the *Portrait of Capt. Spicer* (No. 126) and the *Portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Lennox Peel* (146) by Mr. Hurlstone, as superior in treatment to other works which gave occasion to the general character offered. We should mention Mr. Noble's *Pepys* at (Lilly) the *Painter's* (94)—and the same artist's *Interview between the Princess Elizabeth and Queen Mary* (395) as figure pieces executed with that care which demands recognition even when it fails in its object.—Nor must we omit to notice Mr. Mogford's *Water-crests Gatherers* (270) and the Cavalier on Horseback, *Too Late* (366) by Mr. J. W. Glass, as works which a second visit to the Gallery revealed to us as worthy of a word of praise. In days of dearth a crumb hath its value; in the midst of much pretension we become thankful for a touch of truth—though a crumb does not constitute a meal, nor a touch establish a picture.

Among the Landscapes, though there be little that rises high—and nothing that merits first honours—a fair proportion of pictures deserve praise. As usual, Mr. Allen has filled one of the spaces of honour in the Great Room by his *View of Cooper's Hill, with Windsor Castle in the Distance* (196). The earth—which is here a lovely and widely-extensive prospect of "meadow, grove and stream"—seems more under the painter's command than the air: for the descending rain-cloud is at best earthy, and the sky, which is the most ambitious part of this fine landscape, is altogether tame and inexpressive. Mr. Ruskin will bear us out in saying that too few of our landscape painters "look up"—too many throw in their horizon skies and all the wonders of the upper firmament at hazard or by receipt—not as records of such observation as they must give to the play of light and form in objects terrestrial, or else be chargeable with inexperience in treatment or tastelessness in selection. Among Mr. Allen's other landscapes the smaller Evening piece (16) is richer in atmosphere—poorer and more careless in the markings of foliage.—Mr. Brunning's *Old Mill on the Thames near Greenwich* (27) seems to indicate that the artist has been studying both Stanfield and Callcott—the manner of the first, and the placid tones of the latter. Better models he could not select—though as an imitator he can at best be but second-hand. His *Salute to Her Majesty on her Voyage to Ireland* (291) is another picture in which the cleverness exceeds the originality.—We must turn from him to an exhibitor who is rising in

esteem—as a close observer of nature—but who stands in some danger of falling into affectation by reason of too much individuality. This is Mr. S. R. Percy—and it is from his *Quiet Vale* (394) that we lecture. Admiring, as we have done for some three springs past, the truth of his eye—we are disposed to question the training of his hand. The stiff, bristly, minute, *heather-brush* touch of his foliage is too limited and euphuistic a language—so to say—to render the diversities of woodland nature. With all his exactness of eye, and his good taste shown in choosing for subjects nooks of common, glens in a wood, or (as here) one of those valley scenes which are impressive by reason of their close intricacy, Mr. Percy's landscapes *scratch* the eye from his want of roundness, smoothness, and variety of touch. There is too much of the real painter in him not to make this warning well worth the giving.—Mr. Pyne is weaker and more conventional this year than his wont: as his *Ehrenbreitstein* (31) and *Cologne* (48) and, most of all, his *Thames Recollections—the New Custom House* (127) sufficiently illustrate.—Mr. Montague exhibits largely, and seems in the choice of his subjects—his golden *Distant View of Windsor* (302) excepted—disposed to break a lance with the Hollanders—since he gives us Dutch towns, winter scenes, windmills with all their picturesque apparel, &c. in profusion. But style and subject must in some sort agree: and the loose, free, and splashy handling which would befit "a shower of houses" in a ragged, ruinous Irish village, suits ill with the almost painful neatness of Dutch buildings and Dutch landscape. To the works of Van der Heyden (the Canaletti of Holland, and higher in feeling and finer in taste than Canaletti) was well applied *Bassanio's* fanciful simile of the "spider having played the painter." His exquisite minuteness, we know, would not suit the humour of our English artists,—but Mr. Montague affects the other extremity of treatment, and this we take leave to think misapplied.—Mr. H. J. Boddington exhibits some of his best landscapes: foremost among which may be specified his *Hazy Morning on the Thames* (117).—Mr. Tennant—certain of whose contributions remind us closely of Holfand's best pictures—is in force this year. His *Near Chiswick* (123), a river-scene, is clear and sunny in a manner of his own.—Mr. E. Hassell, on the other hand, who began promisingly (or we are mistaken), seems threatened by a blue and yellow fever: *vide* the tints of his *Thames Craft—Moonlight* (74) and his *Winter* (241), which latter is really curious as a piece of meretricious colour.—Far better, in every respect,—one of the best landscapes, indeed, in the collection—is Mr. J. Danby's *Robin Hood's Bay, Yorkshire* (306).—To close our notice, we shall merely appeal to Mr. Wingfield whether the time is not come when he might as well deliver himself from the Decameronian un-realities which he is fond of picturing as occurring on the banks of the Thames or in the pleasure (with him one must not say the "garden") of Hampton Court? The masquerading fancy has been run upon too long and too largely by our conversation painters; and we are in some danger of being as much tired of the prettinesses by the sacque, bag-wig, and powder-puff school of painters, as we should have been of the ruffianism of the more celebrated artist whose humour it was to dress out his subjects in the rags of beggary—had we lived in his time.

With regard to the water-colour drawings and miniatures, we think them best criticized by a free translation of a well-known half-line in Dante:—

Don't look at them,—and pass on!

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—The second bronze battle-relief for the Nelson Monument has just been placed in its recess in the base of the column immediately facing the National Gallery. It is the work of Mr. Woodington, a young sculptor favourably known to the public by several designs in relief with much poetic and truthful beauty about them. Mr. Woodington's subject is the Nile; and the incident which he has chosen is that fine one in which the surgeon of the ship is quitting a poor sailor then under his hands that he might attend to the wounded Admiral. "No," said Nelson, "I will take my turn with my brave fellows." The subdued suffering and settled composure of the great hero are well represented. The action is good and the story well made out.—

the extended hand of the hero conveying all that Art can convey in representing the beautiful sentiment of the occasion—so like, and so well worthy of, Sir Philip Sidney. The naked shoulders of the seamen have allowed the artist to show his knowledge of anatomy, and to give variety to his composition. We may add, that the weight of Mr. Woodington's relief is two tons less than the corresponding relief by Mr. Carew—that it is made of a composition bronze very different from gun metal, and, from what we know of Egyptian art, still more durable. It is of essential importance in casting in metal not to overheat or burn the mould; the thinner, therefore, that the metal can be poured upon the mould, the less likely is it to burn or destroy the delicate modelling. This has been Mr. Woodington's only object in lessening the weight of his work.—The relief, irrespective of its other excellencies, affords a capital specimen of casting in bronze.

The London visitor and the London resident who has half an hour to spare may both of them spend it very pleasantly in a visit to the Cosmorama in Regent Street. The Exhibition is very diversified—containing scenes taken from the four quarters of the world with much fidelity of pencil, and with an intimate knowledge of the resources of perspective. The architect will find ample room for study in the nave of St. Peter's at Rome; the poet an ample range for his fancy in the noble view of Venice; while Egypt and Siberia alike offer illustrations both striking and suggestive. This class of Exhibition has arrived at great excellence,—and neither wants nor would seem to allow of any material improvement.

The following is from a correspondent who gives us his name.—“Can any one of your correspondents, more learned than myself in the history of the Arts, give me any information concerning a painter of the name of ‘John Fradella,’ who appears to have lived in the early part of the last century? I have a set of pictures representing scenes of which the costumes fix them at about that date, and upon one of them are the words ‘Johannes Fradella fecit.’ But I can find no mention of any such name in the ordinary catalogues of painters. I should be much obliged to any well-informed correspondent who could furnish me with the means of obtaining authentic knowledge of his professional history and performances.”

We have before us the prospectus of the first of a series of Local Artisan Schools, which it is projected to establish in the various remote districts of London as auxiliaries to the central Government School of Design. The coming contest of nations has called attention to the probable inferiority of the English workmen in matters of Art,—and the projectors of these schools have a faith in the English mind which attributes that inferiority to no more insurmountable cause than the want of teaching. A public meeting, it is announced, will shortly be held, to explain more fully the objects and advantages of these institutions,—which are new to England, though foreign nations have long enjoyed them. Meantime, the first school, to be called “The North London School of Drawing and Modelling,” will be opened at Camden Town on the 1st of May,—for the education of those trades which require the exercise of taste as well as skill; viz., the Casting and Chasing of Metals, Masonry, Carving, Plastering, Cabinet Making, House Painting and Decorating, &c. The school will be open three evenings in each week, from the 1st of September to the 1st of June in each year successively. The price to adults is to be one shilling and sixpence per month,—to lads under fifteen years of age one shilling per month;—and subscriptions and donations are solicited to enable the committee to carry out their purposes.

In reference to our notice [*ante*, p. 317] of the Exhibition of Ancient and Medieval Art now proceeding at the Rooms of the Society of Arts—we are requested by Mr. Henry Shaw to rescue him and Mr. Farrer from the possible imputation of taking credit for a greater share than may belong to them of the credit attaching to the distribution of the valuable and instructive articles committed to their charge. “The manner of proceeding,” he says, “was as follows.—At the first meeting of the General Committee a sub-committee was selected, which took on itself the general duties of preparing the Exhibition.

By that sub-committee Mr. Farrer, Mr. Planché, Mr. Webb and myself were requested to undertake the task of classing and arranging the Exhibition. Mr. Planché, from the pressure of unavoidable engagements, was unable to give us as much of his time and valuable assistance as I know he wished; but he approved of all that was done in his absence. Our leading object was, to make as picturesque a display as we possibly could, consistently with a fair attention to classification. This was determined on from a conviction that the mass of those likely to be instructed by our display were not archaeologists—and therefore required to be fascinated into a proper admiration and appreciation of those beautiful objects by seeing them arranged in a manner the best calculated to display their artistic merits and the richness of the materials of which they are composed. To effect this purpose in a room of moderate dimensions, in cases which are fixtures, and where the convenience of the public in passing round them had to be consulted,—was no easy task: particularly as all the classes required good,—and some (the glass more especially) very peculiar, lights to enable the spectator to appreciate the delicacy of their forms and the beauty produced by the blending of their colours.”

Marlborough House, the residence of the late Queen Dowager, has been given by Her Majesty to the Prince of Wales. The Prince, however, is too young to have a “household” of his own; and the Vernon pictures are to ornament the empty house until the Prince shall be of age or the National Gallery shall have been enlarged to receive them. This change for the better has been accompanied by another announcement made by the Prime Minister in Parliament,—that the Royal Academy will leave the National Gallery, and that Government is prepared to ask the House for a grant of money to enable it to build apartments for itself elsewhere. Thereupon, Mr. Hume renewed his onslaught on the Academy by moving for a return of the property possessed and the sums received by that body; but his motion was rejected,—and so the matter stands for the present. If the Academy will be wise in time—which means being liberal too—it has just now a great career before it,—such an opportunity as may scarcely recur to it in the course of its history. On this subject we shall have a few suggestions to offer on a fitting occasion.

We have received the following.—“Every true lover of Art will be glad to see that the Commissioners intend to throw open to public competition the designs for the reverses of the medals to be awarded as prizes to exhibitors at the Great Exposition of 1851;—but I cannot hold with them when they stipulate that the designs shall be in plaster only. This requisition will greatly lessen the number of competitors. Why not have designs on paper, as well? A perfect idea of relief can be conveyed on paper,—and the die might be executed from the approved drawing. Several artists have produced splendid works for relief who never themselves modelled. Stothard and many of our first painters have designed works of the kind. Painters do not engrave their own works, though they superintend them. I know one of our best artists for metal work—one who has designed the greater number of race cups for the last twenty years—who seldom if ever touches the work in the round or solid form himself.”

The American papers state that a model by Mr. Crawford for a monument to Washington at Richmond has been definitively accepted by the Governor, Executive Council, and Commissioners of Virginia. It is to be sixty feet in height, and surmounted by an equestrian statue of the hero.—“On a lower pedestal are to be six statues; one representing Virginia, with a torch raised in one hand and the other hand pointing to a broken crown at her feet.—The five other statues are to be of distinguished Virginians, compeers of Washington,—three of them civilians, and two military men. For the first three have been indicated Henry, Jefferson, and Marshall, (embodying oratory, statesmanship, and jurisprudence,—or the legislative, executive, and judicial departments). For the two military figures, Morgan and Lee have been indicated. The whole group represents Virginia and her sons doing honour to the great and good Washington.” The very large sum of 100,000 dollars has been appropriated by the State for this work.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The Subscribers and the Public are respectfully informed that the **THIRD CONCERT** will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Monday Evening, April 6, 1851. Programme:—Sinfonia, c minor, No. 3, Spohr; Concerto, Violin, Op. 11, C. Cooper; Mendelssohn; Overture, “The Halls of the Palace,” Weber; Sinfonia in a flat, No. 4, Beethoven; Overture, “The Barber of Seville,” Rossini; Vocal Performers: Miss Lucombe, Mr. Benson, Mr. Frank Biddle, Conductor, Mr. Costa.—Single Tickets (with Reserved Seats), 12 1/2s.; Double Tickets (ditto), 12 1/2s.; Triple Tickets (ditto), 20 1/2s.—to be obtained of Messrs. Addison, 21, Regent Street.

MUSICAL UNION.—**SECOND MATINEE.**—April 6th, at Half-past Three o'clock.—Quartet, c minor, Op. 44, with Andante and Scherzo; Posthumous Quartet, Op. 51, Mendelssohn; Sonata, in c, Piano and Violin, Beethoven; Quartet, No. 10, a flat, Beethoven. Artists:—Ernst, Deloffre, Hill, and Platt. Pianoforte, F. Bennett. Members are requested to pay their subscriptions to Cramer & Co., where single tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, can be purchased, and the Synopsis Analytique obtained at Six o'clock on the evening preceding each performance. Members can personally introduce visitors on payment at the door.

J. ELLA, Director.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Neither Stupidity in self, to whom “straw or no straw” is a thing totally immaterial when bricks are to be made,—nor Paradox intent on “boring out” something fresh and fine from the driest lands and most barren places, could find a new remark to make on “Lucia” as an opera. How long will singers continue to be so distressingly fond of this sickly work?—how long in their fondness be deaf to the comparisons to which their appearance in it exposes them?—Waiting all retrospect in the case of Miss C. Hayes and Mr. Sims Reeves, who performed it on Tuesday, we may say that the *Lucia*'s voice was in better order than it was last year, sweeter, firmer and less worn,—and that she acted with more impulse and warmth. But her peculiarities of style also seem to have increased: her immoderate use of *sforzando* and *ra lentando* serving merely to make that ponderous which no magic could render grandiose. The music is more delicate than declamatory,—the character more tender than terrible. Mr. Sims Reeves, too, by way of passion was slower and more over-emphatic than usual. Hence it fell out that both hero and heroine were oftentimes at odds with the orchestra, and were swept on rather than led, by their neighbours in the concerted pieces. The reception of both was triumphant; nevertheless, both for themselves and their theatre, the sooner they are out of *Castle Ravenswood* the better. Not that we wish to hear of them in the “Prigione d'Edimburgo”; which according to rumour ought by this time to have been disposed of.—“The Prodigal Son” to have been in rehearsal. In the place of either, we were told in the theatre that M. Halévy is very shortly expected with his score of “La Tempesta.” Mr. Lumley's orchestra must be refreshed, or rather utterly reconstructed, if the new opera is to be given in the French fashion;—since the Haymarket band is by many degrees worse than it was in 1849.

Let us now speak of the new *dansuse*, Mlle. Ferraris; who takes her stand on a pair of the most brilliant and piquant feet that ever touched the ground,—firm as though they were pointed with adamant,—light as if a daisy would be none the worse for their “stepping.” In her—and their—particular style, she outdoes Signora Fuoco and Signora Rosati. From the waist upwards, Mlle. Ferraris seems to us stiff and angular. To bring the entire body into harmony is the most refined and subtle (we had written *supple*) part of the dancer's art;—but we must see the new Lady in an entire *ballot* ere we believe that the disproportion remarked is habitual in one so accomplished.

Madame Sontag and Signor Lablache re-appeared the evening before last, in that last,—and not least pretty—of comic operas “Don Pasquale.”—Of the new *Norina* we shall speak seven days hence.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—*Masaniello*.—That Covent Garden has made a precious acquisition in Signor Tamberlik cannot be questioned. We have not for many a day been called to report on so competent, accomplished and interesting a new first tenor,—nor have we ever seen an immediate effect produced upon an audience which we think so likely to last. There are gentlemen who have voices, and there are gentlemen who sing. The first phrase delivered by the new *Masaniello* proved that he is to be classed in both categories. Throughout the evening his organ was more tremulous than English ears like. This

may in part have arisen from fatigue and nervous excitement; but when these are allowed for, we suspect that Signor Tamberlik may prove to have cultivated the Rubini and Paganini tone, in which vibration was immoderately courted under the idea of intensity of expression. If so, the sooner he "spells himself back" to steadiness the better. We have mentioned his only drawback. His gifts are many—of rich quality and rare extent. His voice is an even, sufficiently powerful, and sympathetic tenor of two octaves in compass; ranging from *c* to *c altissimo* in chest voice, and capable of being delivered throughout *mezzo forte*—a sure test of vocal ability. It is ready, too; as was tested by Auber's music, in which piquancy and nimbleness are required. It is variously expressive; capable of conveying fire, as was shown in the *duo* with *Pietro*;—tenderness, as in the *romance* beside *Penella's* couch;—and electrical vehemence, as in the last cry, "*All' armi*,"—than which Duprez himself rarely, if ever, uttered any phrase more stirring. We have to admire, too, the temperance of the new singer—a virtue so rare in these days of exaggeration,—his style of declamatory phrasing in his recitative, and his beautiful articulation of Italian:—the last quality, alas! also fast becoming a delicious rarity in our strangely polyglott times. In his expression and quality of voice, Signor Tamberlik more than once recalled to us Rubini,—in his demeanour on the stage and personal appearance he reminded us of Duprez. There seems much of the intellectual propriety, dignity (in no stilted sense), finish, and feeling of the true artist in his acting. That Signor Tamberlik is sympathetic—to repeat the Italian adjective, in default of a better—as well as meritorious, the audience was convinced ere he had got to the end of his *Barcarolle*, and treated him accordingly. Rarely, according to our sympathies, has so warm a reception been so well merited. We were told in the theatre that the part of *Masaniello* is not a favourite one with Signor Tamberlik;—that he had but just recovered from a severe cold consequent on the change from Barcelona to our northern climate—that he had only four-and-twenty hours to prepare himself in a text totally different to the translation to which he was accustomed. All these things give us a high idea of his present adaptability, and good hope for the future. We trust that the one will not be contradicted nor the other disappointed. Meanwhile, so far as we can judge from a single hearing—our impression is, that never has opera-house been so well *tenured* as Covent Garden is now since the days at Her Majesty's Theatre when Signor Mario divided occupation with Rubini. We must not leave "*Masaniello*" without saying that the superior freshness of Madame Castellani gives to the uninteresting heroine, *Elvira*, more life and charm than were thrown into the character by Madame Dorus Gras, brilliant as was that Lady's execution. Miss Ballin is a good *Penella*:—the cast is otherwise the same as last year. The execution was generally most brilliant.

DRURY LANE.—The Easter piece at this house is entitled "*The Devil's Ring*." The three acts which compose it present no features of peculiar interest, though elaborated with much stage skill, as might have been expected from its author, Mr. Rodwell. Faithful love and knightly honour go through not only fire and water, but earth and air in pursuit of their object,—the disenchantment of beauty. *Herbert*, the Minister of Cassel, vows to secure at once the "*Devil's Ring*" and the *Princess Eveline*; descends into the crater of Etna in the Old World,—in the New, by the Falls of Niagara into "*The City of the Fountains*;" through flame and flood ascends again, to penetrate into the mysteries of "*The Diamond Caves in California*,"—and finally to permeate "*The Palace of Rainbows*" in the air. In all this are implied much grand intention, much expensive machinery, and much extensive scenery. All is accordingly upon a large scale of illustration;—yet we cannot venture to report that our ideas of magnificence have been realized.—The playwright has endeavoured to relieve the sobriety of his very sombre plot by the introduction of a character designed to do, or indicate, the comic business.—one *Franco*, the hero's brother, performed by Mr. S. Artaud; but the endeavour has been conceived in too humble a spirit to be eminently

successful. Between Miss E. Nelson and Miss Rafter there was some pretty singing; and Miss Huddart as *Herbert* was more than respectable. But the march of the events and the character of the incidents lacked spirit, fire and invention. We doubt whether this serious kind of magical melo-drama can hold its ground against the brilliant and witty burlesques now so numerous. The day for such things is past, and is scarcely to be brought back by the re-introduction of quadrupeds on the stage. The piece concludes with "*the triumphal entry of Herbert and Princess Eveline in a Car drawn by real Horses*!"

HAYMARKET.—Mr. Webster and the Messrs. Brough may be congratulated on the deserved success of their Easter piece. It is a burlesque of a superior order; replete with wit and point, and abounding in dramatic situation. Sir Walter Scott's romance of "*Ivanhoe*" has been laid under contribution for its theme,—and the scenes and incidents have been translated into modern manners. *Isaac of York* as represented by Mr. Keeley is a slop-seller, whose slumbers are haunted by the ghosts of starving needle-women and cheated customers; and *Ivanhoe* as the palmer, in the hands of Mrs. Keeley, is one of his victims of the latter class, whose cheap armour fails him in the combat. Miss Horton as *Rebecca* makes a gorgeous "*maid of Judah*;" and her passion, though burlesque, passes, as it were, from the ridiculous into the sublime. Mr. Bland as *Cedric*, the Saxon, is no less than the fine old English gentleman, with his scorn of fopperies and of Frenchmen. A rich specimen of the latter is presented by Mr. Selby in the part of *Brian de Bois Guilbert*. Mr. Buckstone had rather an unthankful part as a worn-out joker, in the character of *Wamba*; and Mrs. Fitzwilliam had a brief one in that of *Robin Hood*, which she played and sang deliciously. As a spectacle the piece is magnificent.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The tragedy of "*Macbeth*" was repeated here on Monday, to a crowded house, and with great effect. Afterwards, a new piece was produced, entitled "*A Village Tale*." The comic interest lies with Mr. Nye; who performs rather a novel part, in the character of a lawyer's clerk turned country milkman,—and being yet, notwithstanding his former occupation, a raw and conceited lad. The serious portion is common and simple enough. A cottager's daughter, in love with an absent soldier whom she believes to be dead, is about to be married to a village blacksmith; when her lover returns as a commissioned officer, and prevents the impending sacrifice. The piece is neatly written,—and was successful.

SURREY.—This theatre has catered most liberally for its holiday audiences. Two new dramas, both of great merit, have been produced for their delectation. The first, a drama in three acts entitled "*The Adventurer*," gives an opportunity to Mr. Creswick to exhibit some good effects in directly opposite situations. The interest turns on the hero's seeking a father, and finding a sister; the latter of whom he saves from shipwreck near the port of Valencia, at the beginning of the action. Through a series of incidents and perils too numerous to detail, *Piquillo Alliaga* (for such is the adventurer's name) arrives at the summit of power,—which, to preserve his sister's honour, he almost immediately resigns. This is rather a severe moral; but the right jovial character of the hero, together with certain interpolated comic situations, give a stirring interest and much relief and variety to the action.

The succeeding extravaganza is by Mr. J. Kingdon, and is so well contrived and so splendidly got up as to cast into shade the theatrical doings on this side of the water. Nothing can be more simple and unelaborate than the plot,—nothing more effective than its development or more striking than its scenic decorations. The piece is in verse, very felicitously written, full of allusions, and varied with a great number of parodies exceedingly well done. The subject is merely the perils undergone by *Prince Faithful* (Miss Jane Coveney) in redeeming his mistress from imprisonment in an enchanted castle. Two other princes, *Blush* and *Jealous* (Miss Laporte and Miss Daly), are engaged in the same enterprise,—but fail. To these ladies and to Miss Bromley as a benevolent faery the singing parts

principally belong. The final scene is a triumph in its way,—"*the brilliant abode of the fiery court on the lake of gems*." The excessive gorgeousness of this threw the holiday folk into nothing less than an ecstasy of astonishment.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—We remind all lovers of classical compositions that the performances of the *Beethoven Quartett Society* are to commence on the 17th,—simply because their constitution insures a more perfect execution of chamber-music than any heretofore attained in London. The undivided leadership of Herr Ernst (the best leader of Quartetts extant) promises an unanimity in expression, finish, and ripeness for the series, analogous to those impressed on an orchestra by the presidency of one permanent conductor. Variety may be necessary to keep alive the interest of a half-instructed audience who confound performers with what they perform. It is commendable, too, as well as charming, save where it must imply unsettlement—and the most signal case of danger in music is in quartett playing. There, we do not want to hear this or the other violinist so much as a composition wrought out with the most intimate consent of every one concerned, under adequate presidency. It was by such constant study in association that the Schuppanzigh Quartett at Vienna became able to satisfy Beethoven's exacting self—and, more recently, that the Zimmermann party at Berlin and the Müllers of Brunswick have distinguished themselves. These Ernst Quartetts mark an epoch, and are a feature of first interest in this spring season.—We further hear that Herr Ernst may be heard of ere long as a writer, no less than as a reader, of Quartetts.

During the week the third and last of *Herr Molique's* Chamber Concerts,—also the third of *Mr. Lucas's* Musical Evenings—have been held.

From the last number of the *Musical Times* we learn that the "*Deliverance of Israel*" by Mr. W. Jackson, of Masham, has been recently performed at one of the Weekly Concerts to an audience of upwards of four thousand persons. So much satisfaction is said to have been given by this work, when executed with merely an organ accompaniment, that there is a probability of the Oratorio being performed as composed—that is, with full orchestra.

Herr Eckert, whose opera "*William of Orange*" has been successful in Holland and in Germany, is now in London,—we believe, with the intention of passing the season here.

M. Aguilar, a young English pianist and composer more than once mentioned by the *Athenæum* as having been successful in his public appearances at Frankfurt, is about to present himself to a London audience at a concert on the 24th inst.—Mr. Henry Wyld is following the fashion of the day, in announcing a series of chamber concerts, which are to commence shortly.

"Cymbal and gong" have already begun their preliminary flourishes to symphonize the embarkation of Mdle. Lind for departure from Europe. Letters announce, that in two or three of the American cities where the accommodation is thought insufficient new concert halls of vast dimensions are to be immediately built for Mdle. Lind's reception.

A new "*Mystery*," entitled "*The Redemption*," composed by M. Alary, is announced as about to be performed at the Italian Opera House in Paris on Monday next.—Long ere this, must have taken place the performance of another Mystery, "*The Passion*," at the Lyceum Theatre in Barcelona. The preparations for this, in description, resemble a page in the writings of some monkish chronicler of opera in the days when opera was a Church-service. If we are to believe a letter given in the *Gazette Musicale*, the drama in question was to be performed on a scale of the most ample splendour. It comprises "eighteen choruses," which were "to be executed by five hundred singers and an orchestra of three hundred performers." "The scenery," adds the same authority, "is of the greatest magnificence: it is to represent different places in the Holy Land, and has been executed by artists who have visited the spots depicted." Among the

"features" were "to be, fifty real palm-trees brought from Africa by the steam-packet *Le Cid*." Can anything be more whimsical than such an association of antique superstition and modern civilization as the last? We remember to have been much amused by the sight of an omnibus filled with nuns, properly warded by a cad, ploughing its way along a heavy Belgian road not far from Battice. But this apparition was a simple combination compared with the above.

The report regarding Mr. C. Kean's meditated lesseship of a theatre has reached us from many quarters since last week,—with this variation, that the Princess's Theatre is the one mentioned as in contemplation.—The dramatic season at the St. James's Theatre began last night, with M. Scribe's 'Bertrand et Raton,' and M. Samson in the principal character. To us this play, written to satirize *Le Roi Citoyen* and his banker confidant, seems already like "a dream of other days" when compared with that other political comedy, "of all time," the 'Figaro' of Beaumarchais.

MISCELLANEA

Newspaper Time at the General Post-office.—It was a quarter before six o'clock when they crossed the hall; six being the latest hour at which newspapers can be posted without fee. It was then just drizzling newspapers. The great window of that department being thrown open, the first black fringe of a thunder cloud of newspapers impending over the post-office was discharging itself fitfully—now in large drops, now in little; now in sudden plumps, now stopping altogether. By degrees it began to rain hard; by fast degrees the storm came on harder and harder, until it blew, rained, hailed, snowed—newspapers. A fountain of newspapers played in at the window. Water-spouts of newspapers broke from enormous sacks, and engulfed the men inside. A prodigious main of newspapers, at the Newspaper River Head, seemed to be turned on, threatening destruction to the miserable post-office. The post-office was so full already, that the windows foamed at the mouth with newspapers. Newspapers flew out like froth, and were tumbled in again by the bystanders. All the boys in London seemed to have gone mad, and to be besieging the post-office with newspapers. Now and then there was a girl, now and then a woman, now and then a weak old man; but as the minute hand of the clock crept near to six, such a torrent of boys, and such a torrent of newspapers, came tumbling in together pell-mell, head over heels, one above another, that the giddy head looking on chiefly wondered why the boys springing over one another's heads, and flying the garter into the post-office with the enthusiasm of the corps of acrobats at M. Franconi's, didn't post themselves nightly, along with the newspapers, and get delivered all over the world. Suddenly it struck six. Shut Sesame! Perfectly still weather. Nobody there. No token of the late storm—not a soul, too late! But what a chaos within! Men up to their knees in newspapers on great platforms; men gardening among newspapers with rakes; men digging and delving among newspapers as if a new description of rock had been blasted into those fragments; men going up and down a gigantic trap—an ascending and descending room, worked by a steam-engine—still taking with them nothing but newspapers! All the history of the time, all the chronicled births, deaths, and marriages, all the crimes, all the accidents, all the vanities, all the changes, all the realities of all the civilised earth, heaped up, parcelled out, carried about, knocked down, cut, shuffled, dealt, played, gathered up again, and passed from hand to hand, in an apparently interminable and hopeless confusion, but really in a system of admirable order, certainty, and simplicity, pursued six nights every week, all through the rolling year! Which of us, after this, shall find fault with the rather more extensive system of good and evil, when we don't quite understand it at a glance; or set the stars right in their spheres?—*Dickens's 'Household Words.'*

Owens College.—We are glad, indeed, to learn that a very strong and general feeling of dissatisfaction is being expressed in influential quarters with the suggested theological instruction in this college; and that a meeting of gentlemen of standing, and of

all sects, will shortly be held, for the purpose of embodying this feeling in a distinct and palpable form.—*Manchester Examiner and Times.*

Government Inspection of the Britannia Bridge.—On the 15th and 16th ult. Capt. Simmons, the Government Inspector for the Railway Commissioners, made his official inspection of this great structure, accompanied by Mr. E. Clark, the resident engineer, and Mr. H. Lee, the engineering manager of the Chester and Holyhead line; when a series of important experiments took place, to ascertain the law of deflection and the absolute structural strength of the fabric. The experiments consisted in observing the deflections under a series of successive loads, the passing of three locomotives with a train sufficient to cover each of the tubes through the bridge at various speeds, and the running of locomotives and tenders without trains through, at variable rates of progress. The experiments were considered most satisfactory, as tending to show that all parts of the great machine were obeying the calculated requirements, and as to a certain extent determining the conjectural questions of duration and stability to arise under the test of everyday usage.—*Daily News.*

Gold in Sarawak.—The *Journal of the Indian Archipelago* publishes the following important announcement, contained in a letter dated Sarawak, November 2, 1849.—"The rains of the beginning of this month of last year fell in great quantities in Sarawak, and a considerable quantity of the face of a mountain, called Trian, was washed down into the plains below. The deposit was found to abound in gold, and afforded work for fully 2,000 men for about a month or six weeks, and it was reckoned that at the smallest average they procured a bunkal a month per man. The gold was in lumps, and not in dust, and several of the lumps weighed from three to four bunks, and they were rarely less than one or two amas in weight. This fact may, in this locality, lead at some future day to important conclusions.

Paper for Roofs.—MM. Ebart, proprietors of one of the largest paper manufactories in Germany, situated at Neustadt, Elberswold, have just invented an incombustible cartridge paper, which they term "stone paper," and which is intended especially for roofing houses. It is destined to take the place of tiles;—over which it has this twofold advantage, that it is not fragile, and is very inexpensive. By order of M. Von der Heydt, Minister of Trade and Public Works, the Royal Commission of Buildings has submitted the stone paper of MM. Ebart to numerous tests, from which it results that it is at the same time impermeable and fireproof. The commission has strongly recommended it to the peasantry as a substitute for thatch.—*Daily News.*

Nunismatic Discovery.—At Jever, in the Grand Duchy of Oldenburg, a remarkable discovery was recently made, composed of about 4,000 pieces of silver money of the period of the different Emperors down to Antoninus the Pious. There is every probability that a Roman merchant vessel was wrecked on a sandbank in that neighbourhood some seventeen hundred years ago. Part of these coins unfortunately were sold or smelted down by the labourers who made the discovery.—*Brussels Herald.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—G. H. C.—Chelsea—Tyro—P. S.—H. J.—A. K. L.—W. L.—T. O. W., M.D.—J. C.—received.

MOVEMENT TO PRACER.—In answer to correspondents who desire to be informed to whom they may pay in their subscriptions towards this restoration,—we are authorized to say that a meeting will shortly be held in which the details of the project will be settled. Meantime, we are told that Mr. W. R. Drake, of 46, Parliament Street, will receive and hold subscriptions until a Treasurer shall be formally appointed.

OUR BOOK LIST.—In spite of our repeated explanations on the subject, we continue to receive complaints of the imperfection of our weekly list of published books. Once more we inform our readers that we do not undertake to give a complete list of all books that may have been published during the week. Such a list, from the unauthentic manner of its collection, is not easily obtained—and the attempt has on former occasions led us into practical difficulties. Our list is confined to all books subscribed during the period over which it extends,—and is furnished to us by the best authority on the subject.

Errata.—P. 316, col. 3, l. 44, for "Lubeck's" read *Schebeck's*.—In the advertisement of 'Historic Reliques,' p. 355, col. 3, the price should have been 2s. 6d., instead of 5s. 6d., each Part.

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The Life Bonus of the year 1848 has been declared, and, with the exception of a reserve of 30,000, (to accumulate towards the next bonus, in 1850), is payable upon and with the sum insured.

The following will show the annual amount of Bonus on Policies for 1804, effected in Great Britain, according to the ages of the Lives when assured:—

Age when Amount of Premium Bonus Policy received in the for the effected. last Seven Years. same time.

20.....122. 10s. 10d.103. (Being about 70 per cent. on such amount of Premium.
 30.....103. 10s. 10d.103. (Being 60 per cent. ditto.
 40.....85. 10s. 10d.103. (Being 45 per cent. ditto.
 50.....67. 10s. 10d.103. (Being 45 per cent. ditto.
 60.....57. 10s. 10d.103. (Being 45 per cent. ditto.

THOMAS LEWIS, Secretary.

FIRE INSURANCE in all its branches, including the rent of houses, and profits returned on re-entrance insurances.

UNITED KINGDOM LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY; established by Act of Parliament in 1834, 8, Waterloo-place, Pall Mall, London; 27, George-street, Edinburgh; 12, St. Vincent-place, Glasgow; 4, College-green, Dublin.

SECOND SEPTENNIAL DIVISION OF PROFITS AMONG THE ASSURED.

The Bonus added to Policies from March, 1834, to the 31st of December, 1847, is as follows:—

Sum Assured. Time Assured. Sum added to Policy in 1841. Sum added to Policy in 1848. Sum payable at Death.

£5,000 13 yrs. 10 mths. £68 6s 8d £78 10s 0d £4,470 16s 8d

5,000 12 years 600 0 0 787 10 0 6,287 10 0

5,000 10 years 300 0 0 787 10 0 6,287 10 0

5,000 8 years 100 0 0 787 10 0 6,287 10 0

5,000 6 years 0 0 0 675 0 0 5,675 0 0

5,000 4 years 0 0 0 450 0 0 5,450 0 0

5,000 2 years 0 0 0 225 0 0 5,225 0 0

The Premiums nevertheless are the most moderate scale, and only one-half need be paid for the first five years, when the Insurance is for Life. Every information afforded on application to the Resident Director, No. 8, Waterloo-place, Pall Mall, London.

YORKSHIRE FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Established at York, 1854.
 Low rates are charged by this Company, thus giving an immediate bonus, in lieu of a prospective and uncertain one.
 The Premiums for Female lives have been materially reduced.
 Fire Insurances on favourable terms.
 Prospectuses may be had of the

London Agent:
 Mr. Henry Dinwale, 15, Wellington-street, Strand,
 Or Mr. W. L. NEWMAN,
 Actuary and Secretary, York.

UNIVERSAL LIFE ASSURANCE OFFICE,

1, KING WILLIAM-STREET, CITY.
 ALL POLICIES effected at this Office before the 31st of MAY NEXT will be entitled to participate in the profits to be declared in the year 1850.

The reduction declared in May, 1849, was 45 per cent. on the current annual premiums.
 DAVID JONES, Actuary.

DENT'S IMPROVED WATCHES & CLOCKS.
 —E. J. DENT, Watch and Clock Maker by distinct appointment to the Queen, H.R.H. Prince Albert, and H.M. the Emperor of Russia, and respectfully solicits from the public an inspection of his extensive STOCK of WATCHES and CLOCKS, embracing all the late modern improvements, at the most economical charges. Ladies' Gold Watches, with gold dials, jewelled in four holes, 8 guineas. Gentlemen's, with enamelled dials, 10 guineas. Youths, Silver Watches, 4 guineas. Warranted substantial and accurate going Lever Watches, jewelled in four holes, 6 guineas.—E. J. DENT, 25, Strand, 25, Cockspur-street, and 24, Royal Exchange (Clock Tower Area).

WATCHES and their Management.—T. COX SAVORY & CO. have published a Pamphlet describing the constructions of the various Watches in use at the present time, and explaining the advantages of each, with Lists of Prices. It is intended to give the information which should be obtained previous to the purchase of an article, the principal characteristics of which should be accuracy and durability. It also contains remarks on the proper management of a watch, and by the wearer. It may be had gratis, on application personally or by post.—T. Cox Savory & Co., 47, Cornhill, London, seven doors from Gracechurch-street.

ELKINGTON AND CO.,

THE PATENTEES, beg respectfully to intimate to their friends and the public generally, that they have added to their extensive assortment of ELECTRO PLATE, an important variety of SILVER, GILT, and BRONZE PRODUCTIONS.

In the highest class of Art, including SIDEBOARD, TABLE, AND OTHER PLATE, BUSTS, VASES, AND BAS-RELIEFS.

Also Figures from the Antique, and from the Designs of EMINENT MODERN ARTISTS.

The whole of the above Articles are manufactured by Messrs. ELKINGTON & CO., on new and scientific principles, their desire being to produce and perpetuate, at the lowest possible cost, the best examples of Ancient and Modern Art. A visit to their Establishment will amply repay both the artist and connoisseur.

25, Regent-street, corner of Jernyn-street, London.
 45, Moorgate-street.
 Manufactory, Newhall-street, Birmingham.
 N.B. Repainting and Gilding as usual.
 Estimates, Drawings, and Prices sent free.

IMPROVEMENTS IN DRESS.—J. STOVELL invites gentlemen to inspect his improvements in the make of Coats. The PATENT SELF-ACTING SLEEVE combines utility with elegance and extreme simplicity. It can be applied to every description of Coat, Plain or Regimental; also to Ladies' Riding Habits. The PATENT DOUBLE-FRONTED OVER-COAT is peculiarly adapted for wet when walking, riding or driving, and forms a complete covering for the knees in railway or other carriage.—These improvements may be obtained through any respectable Tailor, or of the Patentee, 135, New Bond-street.

METCALFE & CO.'S NEW PATTERN

TOOTH BRUSH and SMYRNA SPONGES.—The Tooth Brush has the important advantage of searching thoroughly into the divisions of the teeth, and cleaning them in the most effectual and extraordinary manner, and is famous for the hairs not coming loose, &c. An improved Clothes Brush, that cleans in a third part of the usual time, and is capable of removing all dirt, penetrating Hair Brushes, which do not so often like common hair. Flash Brushes of inferior grade, and powerful friction. Velvet Brushes, which set in the most surprising and successful manner. The genuine Smyrna Sponge, with its preserved valuable properties of absorption, vitality, and durability, by means of which it is dispensed with all intermediate parties' profits and destructive bleaching, and securing the luxury of a genuine Smyrna Sponge. Only at METCALFE, BINGLEY & Co.'s Sole Establishment, 25, Oxford-street, one door from Holles-street.

Caution.—Beware of the words "From Metcalfe's" adopted by some houses.

METCALFE'S ALKALINE TOOTH POWDER.

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR.—This ORIENTAL BALM Preparation is of an enfeebling efficacy in thoroughly purifying the Skin from all Pimples, Spots, Redness, Freckles, Tan, and Discolorations, healing Sunburn, Stings of Insects, producing a healthy freshness and transparency of Complexion, and softness and delicacy of the Skin. Price 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle.

ROWLAND'S HAIR WASH.—This is a Preparation from the choicest ORIENTAL HERBS, of peculiarly mild and detergent properties. It pleasantly and effectually cleanses the HAIR and SKIN of the HEAD from scurf and every species of impurity, and imparts a delicate fragrance. It is particularly recommended to be used after BATHING, as it will prevent the probability of catching cold in the head, and will render the hair dry in a few minutes. It entirely supersedes the necessity for using the fine comb, so injurious to the tender skin of the head; and from its beneficial effects on the health, together with the grateful and refreshing sensation it imparts, and being perfectly innocent in its nature, will prove an invaluable appendage to the TOILET, and the purposes of the NURSERY.—3s. 6d. per bottle.

Sold by ROWLAND & BONS, 20, LUTON-GARDEN, LONDON, and by all Chemists and Perfumers.

AN Incontestable Proof of the Efficacy of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS for the Cure of LIVER COMPLAINTS.

—Mr. Robert Elkins, of Cambleton, New South Wales, had been afflicted for several months with a severe liver complaint, which reduced him to so low a state that he was unable to take his food; finding no relief from any of the medical aids he received, he was advised to give HOLLOWAY'S PILLS a trial, which he did, and this invaluable medicine the instructions given with it, being strictly followed, in the course of a few weeks completely cured him in the enjoyment of as good health as ever he possessed in his life. —Sold by all medicine vendors throughout the world; and at Professor HOLLOWAY'S establishment, 54, Strand, London.

